★ Oct. 2, 1937

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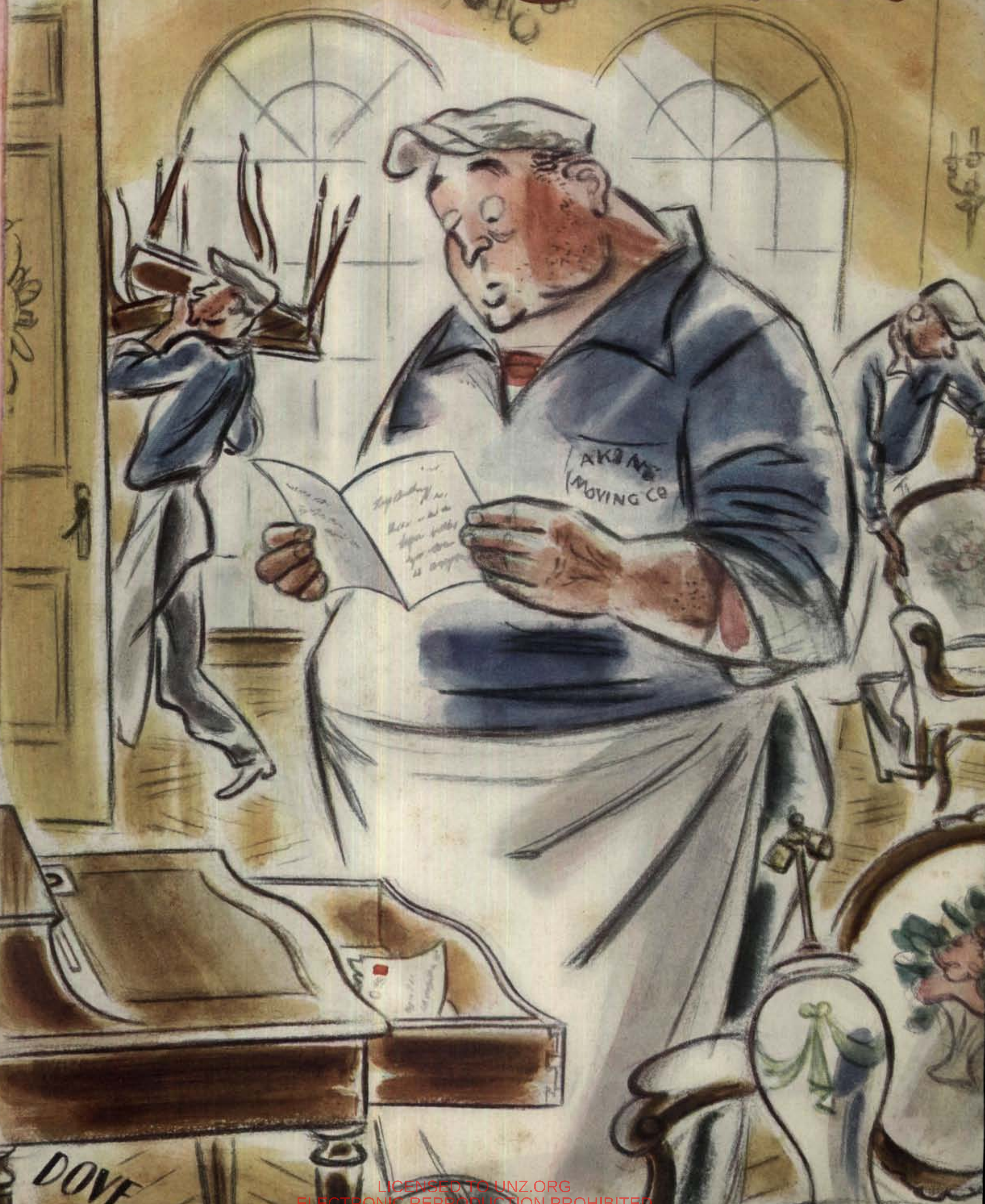
THE NEW YORKER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Beauty culturists advise a course of warming and cooling baths to carry you zestfully into the new fall season. And Cannon is ready to lend you a helping hand . . . with bright, gentle, useful new towels that restore the body and uplift the spirit.

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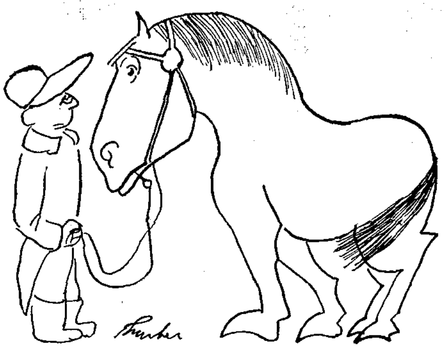
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLOW YE WINDS—Henry Fonda loves the sea and Doris Dalton wants a career, and so they argue about it for two hours and a half, mostly sitting in a boat. Agreeable enough in its childish way. (46th Street, 46, W. CIrcle 6-6075. Mat. Thurs.)

BROTHER RAT—A comedy of life at Virginia Military Institute which involves baseball and—well, life at Virginia Military Institute. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

GEORGE AND MARGARET—The victory of young love over trifling opposition in an amiable, but rather disembodied, little comedy that ran practically forever in London. There are nice performances by Irene Browne, Morland Graham, and Gladys Henson. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6320. 8:50 P.M.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Life in a vacation camp for clerks and stenographers, with a tender little love story and good, satisfactory laughs. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

KING RICHARD II—Maurice Evans in a grand performance. Limited return engagement. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eves.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

THE LADY HAS A HEART—Vincent Price, as the Admirable Crichton of Budapest, dares to fall in love with Elissa Landi, a haughty countess. Innocuous and pleasant if you're in just the right mood. (Longacre, 48, W. CIrcle 6-6454.)

ROOM SERVICE—George Abbott's masterful direction makes this comedy about a shoestring producer just about the funniest thing around. With Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Teddy Hart, and Eddie Albert. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870.)

THE WOMEN—What some women think of some other women, and the language in it is very explicit—but entertaining. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, Phyllis Povah, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—A daughter tells her mother the Facts of Life. A charming comedy from all angles. Lucile Watson, Violet Heming, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A madhouse that has all the comforts of home. Kaufman and Hart won last season's Pulitzer Prize with this one. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—More young people than you would have believed existed—all singing and dancing and having a swell time, which is contagious. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990.)

THE SHOW IS ON—Revival of last season's Beatrice Lillie-Bert Lahr musical without Miss Lillie and Mr. Lahr, but with Willie and Eugene Howard, and Rose King. Of possible interest only to those who didn't see the original show. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Closes Sat., Oct. 2.)

VIRGINIA—More music and parades for those whose spirits were not quite broken by the Legionnaires. A big, handsome, rather simple-minded show, chiefly notable for Arthur Schwartz's tunes. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. COlumbus 5-6535.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS—"Katie Roche," an Irish comedy by Teresa Deevy, with F. J. McCormick, Denis O'Dea, Eileen Crowe, Maureen Delaney, Arthur Shields, and others. Opens Sat., Oct. 2; continues through Oct. 6. O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars" will be given Oct. 7-9. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:40 P.M.)

TO QUITO AND BACK—The Theatre Guild's production of a play by Ben Hecht, with Leslie Banks, Sylvia Sidney, Joseph Buloff, and Evelyn Varden. Opens Mon., Oct. 4. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M.)

IN CLOVER—A comedy by Allan Scott, with Myron McCormick, Claudia Morgan, Dennie Moore, and Jose Ferrer. Opens Tues., Oct. 5. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134. 8:45.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Gertrude Lawrence in a comedy by Rachel Crothers, with Paul McGrath, and others. Opens Thurs., Oct. 7. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156. 8:45 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Gilbert Miller's production of Terence Rattigan's play, with Frank Lawton, Guy Middleton, Cyril Raymond, Marcel Vallée, and Penelope Dudley Ward. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE STAR-WAGON—Guthrie McClintic's production of Maxwell Anderson's new play, with Burgess Meredith, Lillian Gish, Mildred Natwick, Kent Smith, and Russell Collins. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540. 8:40 P.M.)

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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Ambassador Garden. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Bernie Cummins and his orchestra provide the music in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—One of the smaller and more intimate places. Joe Laporte's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room, and there's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers Eddie Davis's orchestra and songs by Betty Bryant.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Phil Grey's orchestra and the Conga Cubans.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—The Corinthian Room is open for dinner dancing only. Harold Nagel's orchestra. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers music by Eddy Duchin and dancing by Paul Draper. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band, dances by Raye and Naldi, and badminton matches by Thelma Kingsbury and Kenneth Davidson. Dress optional. Sheila Barrett and Al Donahue's orchestra are scheduled to open here on Wed., Oct. 6. Must dress.... Eddy Rogers' orchestra plays in the adjoining and informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The gay and charming Viennese Roof has Jacques Fray's orchestra, Charles Walters, and an Albertina Rasch ballet; closes Tues., Oct. 5. The Iridium Room opens Wed., Oct. 6, with Emil Coleman's orchestra. Must dress.... The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, has reopened with Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske will appear at midnight, starting Fri., Oct. 1.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular and usually overcrowded before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Walter Feldkamp and Gus Martel, for those who want to dance.

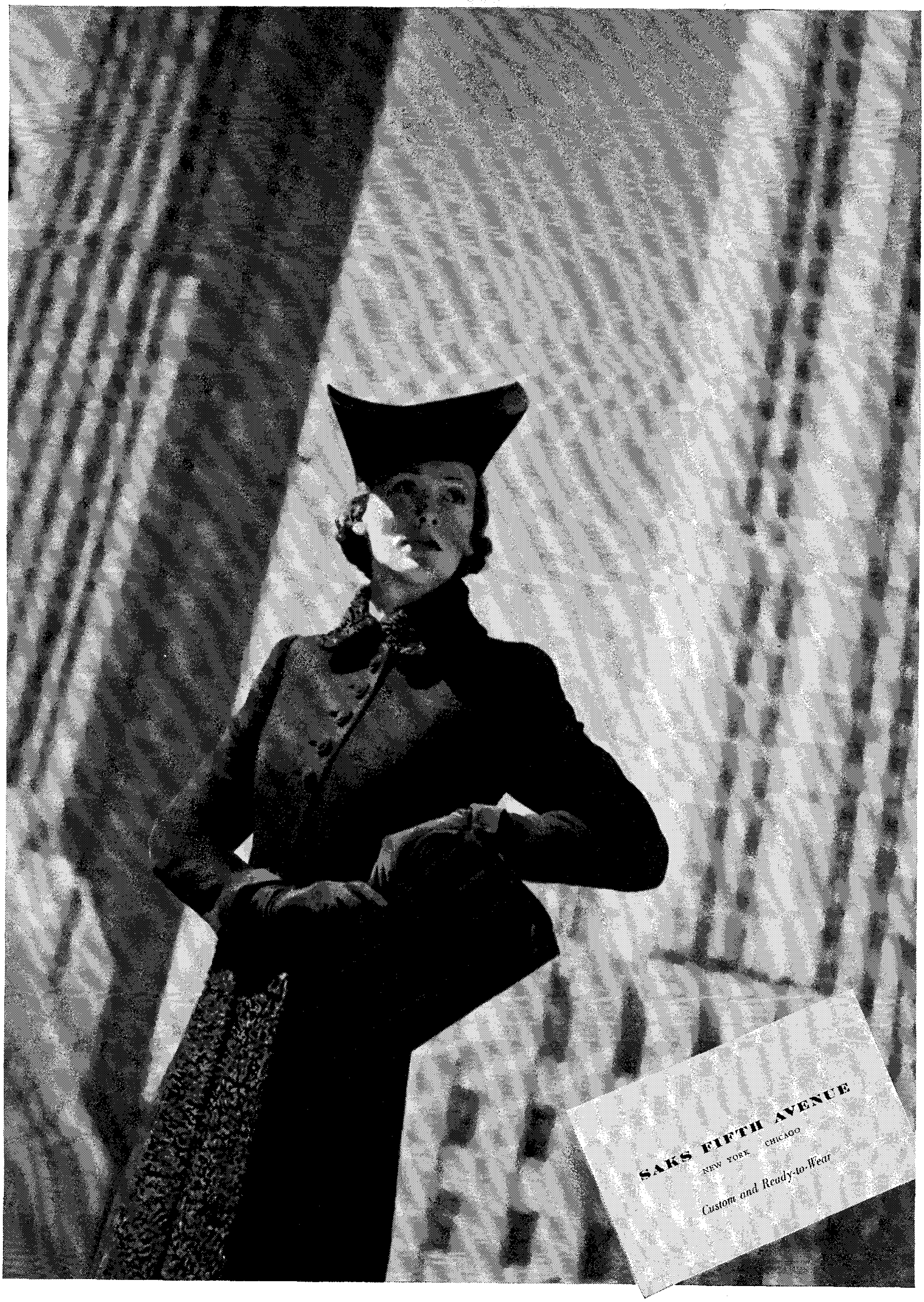
VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Entertainment by Gomez and Winona, Gali-Gali, and others; dance music by Maximilian Bergère's orchestra.

WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing under the artificial stars. There's also Raphael and his concertina, and dancing by Marissa Flores. Dress preferred.

MISCELLANEOUS—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra play for dancing in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200).... The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000), has Benny Meroff's orchestra and an ice carnival.... Happy Felton's orchestra plays in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000).... Lani McIntire provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48 (WIckersham 2-4400).... Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (VAnderbilt 3-6000).... Gene Fosdick plays at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 48 (WIckersham 2-4000).... Frank Novak is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-2700).... Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000), has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue.... Bill McCune opens at the "61" Club of the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MAin 4-8100), Fri., Oct. 1.

The Carlyle, Madison at 76 (RHinelander 4-1600), has opened its newly decorated Bar and Regency Rooms.... Mon Paris, 142 E.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 33, Oct. 2, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

53 (ELdorado 5-9800), features Charlie Murray's orchestra and the Coral Islanders.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might stop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Château Moderne, 42 E. 50; and Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has an elaborate show, "Folies Bergère." Russ Morgan and his orchestra play for dancing.... The new International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, three orchestras, and other attractions.... Two other places with plenty of floor show are: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 6-5960).

Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra.... Jack White and Pat Harrington are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Phil Romano's orchestra, and a show featuring Roy Sedley. ... Tommy Lyman sings at The Oaks, 127 E. 47 (ELdorado 5-9624).... The Frolics, B'way at 50 (CIrcle 7-8416), has entertainment by Joe Lewis and others; Ralph Watkins' orchestra.... Helen Morgan sings after the theatre at the Club Eldorado, 157 W. 56 (CIrcle 7-8434).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 6-6767), opened recently with Cab Calloway and his orchestra, the Nicholas Brothers, Avis Andrews, and others.... The Harlem Uproar House, B'way at 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), has Erskine Hawkins' orchestra and a lively colored revue.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Leo and his Spirits of Rhythm; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Lou Ferris's orchestra.... Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has entertainment by Miller, Adams, and Glazer, and Betty Bowker.... The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show.... The Village Barn, 52 W. 8, is pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners.... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

Harlem—You can watch the dancing and hear Eddie Mallory's orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271).... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269); El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644); and La Conga, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757), a new place.... Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (CIrcle 7-6435).... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784).... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833).

ART

Eilshemius—"All of Eilshemius," work done from 1884 to 1915; includes some appealing early canvases: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Folk Sculpture—American Folk Art Sculpture, shown in conjunction with water colors and black-and-white drawings of the objects by WPA Index of Design artists: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 9.

Group—Recent paintings and sculpture by the gallery's group, which includes Burliuk, Dasberg, Weston, Gorky, etc.: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Kisling—Paintings by the French modern: Findlay, 8 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Mon., Oct. 4.

Liebermann—Prints and drawings by a leading German Impressionist: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; starting Sat., Oct. 2.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.]

Modern—Summer exhibition of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Also, contrastive war pictures by Severini and Dix: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents; free on Mon.)

Old Masters—Fourteen specimens, comprising interesting works by little-known artists: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Review—Retrospective show of Surrealists and Neo-Romanticists, including Dali, Leonid, Chirico, Berman, Tchelitchew, and Ernst: Julien Levy, new gallery, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Fri., Oct. 1.

Sternberg—Pennsylvania coal country, in drawings with fine qualities of light: Keppel, 71 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 9.

Swedish—Swedish Tercentenary Art Exhibit, lent by the Swedish government: Mezzanine, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 9 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 6.

Van Loon—Paintings and drawings: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 9.

Miscellaneous—Art Students' League annual exhibition of members and associates, including Carroll, Kuniyoshi, and Schnakenberg: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.... Color prints of intrinsic charm by Virginia Bill: Kohn, 608 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.... Paintings by Arthur Kaufmann: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; starting Oct. 4.... Figure and landscape paintings by Dignemont: Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... Character studies by Isa Neuhaus: Georgette Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 7.... Water colors by Kimon Nicolaides: Progressive Arts, 428 W. 57; through Oct. 9.... Paintings by Wendell Jones: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 9.... "Seven Centuries of Russian Icons": Hammer, 682 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 1.... Paintings by R. Paris: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 2.... Paintings by Hildegarde Hamilton: National Arts Club, 119 E. 19. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 3.... Portrait photography by Lotte Jacobi: 24 W. 59. Open Oct. 2-9, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

Hippodrome Opera Company—At the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43—"Madame Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Oct. 2; "Othello," Sat. Eve., Oct. 2, at 8:15.

Leonora Corona—Miss Corona starts the recital season with an evening of songs: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 5.

Virginia Rea—An eminent radio soprano gives her first local concert: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 7.

Roland Hayes—Benefit recital by the distinguished Negro tenor: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 9.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 30, doubleheader at 1:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. through Sun., Oct. 1-3, at 3 P.M.... World Series: Yankees vs. Giants (providing Giants win National League title)—At Yankee Stadium, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 6-7, 1:30 P.M.; Polo Grounds, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 8-9, 1:30 P.M.

Football—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Oct. 2—Princton vs. Virginia, Princeton, 2:30 P.M.... Yale vs. Maine, New Haven, 2 P.M.... Harvard vs. Springfield, Cambridge, 2:30 P.M.... Columbia vs. Williams, Baker Field, 2 P.M.... Fordham vs. Franklin and Marshall, Randall's Island Stadium, 2 P.M.... Pennsylvania vs. Maryland, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M.... Army vs. Clemson, West Point, 2:30 P.M.... Navy vs. Citadel, Annapolis, 2:30 P.M.... Manhattan vs. Texas A. & M., Polo Grounds, 2:30 P.M....C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M.

Sat., Oct. 9—Princeton vs. Cornell, Princeton, 2 P.M.... Yale vs. Pennsylvania, New Haven, 2 P.M.... Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, 2:30 P.M.... Army vs. Columbia, West Point, 2 P.M....Navy vs. Virginia, Annapolis, 2:30 P.M. Fordham vs. Waynesburg, Randall's Island Stadium, 2 P.M.... N.Y.U. vs. North Carolina, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M.... Manhattan vs. Michigan State, Ebbets Field, 2:30 P.M.... C.C.N.Y. vs. Albright, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St.... *Randall's Island Stadium*: take Triborough Bridge from E. 125 St.... Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or 8 Ave. subway. ... Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St.... Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. or Jerome Ave. subway.... Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: take B.-M.T. Brighton subway to Prospect Pk. Sta.

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L.I., daily through Sat., Oct. 2.... Montclair Horse Show, Montclair Riding Club, Woodland Ave., West Orange, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Oct. 1 and 2.... Orange Horse Show, Orange Lawn Tennis Club, Ridgewood Rd., South Orange, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 9 and 10.

Racing—Belmont Park, L.I.: races daily at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2. The Grand National Steeplechase, the Jockey Club Gold Cup, and The Futurity will be run Sat., Oct. 2. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.) ... Jamaica, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Mon., Oct. 4. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Rodeo—Annual invasion of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49; starting Wed., Oct. 6; nightly at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 2:30.

Miniature Automobile Show—Models of all sorts of cars, American and foreign, including working models from the automobile companies: Mezzanine, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; starting Wed., Oct. 6.

Planetarium—The lecture for October at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "The End of the World." Weekdays at 2, 3, 4, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, and 5 P.M.; Sun. and Holidays at 5 P.M.

Danbury Fair—Danbury, Conn., Sat. through Sat., Oct. 2-9. Harness races, Oct. 5-8; auto races, Oct. 9.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Furniture, paintings, and decorative objects, from various estates: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 7-9, at 2:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Tallulah Bankhead—With Henry Fonda, in excerpts from "Camille," on Kate Smith's program: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 30, at 8, WABC.

Back to Methuselah—Radio version of Shaw's play, prepared by the author, with Peggy Wood: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 30, at 8:30, WJZ.

Evelyn Laye—Guest soloist, with Al Goodman's orchestra: Sat. Eve., Oct. 2, at 10, WABC.

Football—Sat. Aft., Oct. 2: Columbia vs. Williams, 2, WNYC; N.Y.U. vs. Carnegie Tech, 2:30, WOR; Nebraska vs. Minnesota,

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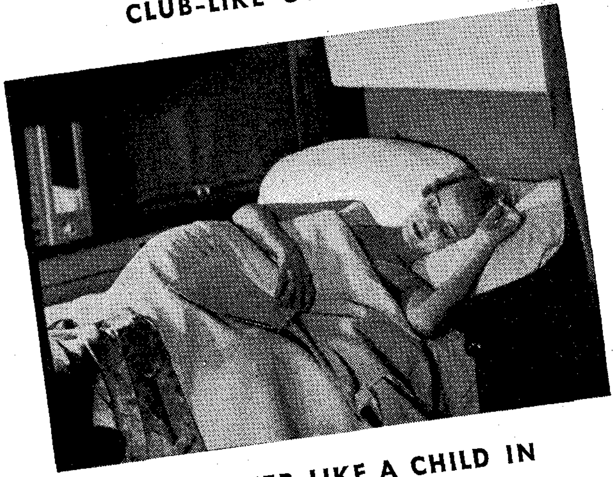

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2:45, WABC and WEAF; Notre Dame vs. Drake, 2:45, WJZ.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—Singing with the Ford Symphony, Iturbi conducting: Sun. Eve., Oct. 3, at 9, WABC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times are P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Leo Reisman, 7:30, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Charles Winninger and Meredith Willson, 9, WEAF. Irving Deakins' "Music and Ballet," 9:15, WQXR. March of Time, 10:30, WABC.

FRIDAY—Kreiner String Quartet, 3, WABC. Margaret Daum, 6, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Nino Martini and Kitty Carlisle, 10, WABC. Dorothy Thompson, 10:45, WEAF

SATURDAY—Compinsky Trio, 11:30 A.M., WABC. Football scores, 6:35, WJZ; 7:20, WEAF. "Gateway to Opera" series, 7, WQXR. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7:30, WABC.

SUNDAY—Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. Silver Theatre, with Rosalind Russell, 5, WABC. Sheila Barrett, 5:30, WEAF. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Oxford Ensemble, 7, WQXR. Jeanette MacDonald, 7, WABC. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. General Motors Concert, 8, WJZ. Tyrone Power, Jr., 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Josephine Antoine and Alfred Wallenstein, 8:30, WEAF. Carl Carmer, 10:30, WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth, 9:30, WEAF. Benny Goodman, 10, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Eddy Duchin, 8, WJZ. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Walter O'Keefe, 9, WEAF. N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, 9, WJZ. Beauty Box Theatre, 9:30, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—A dullish film except for some bright, gay people, such as Sophie Tucker and Eleanor Powell, who do their best. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 4. ... State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 30-Oct. 6.)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—A fine film of Kipling's story about the Gloucester fishing fleet, with Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 1-4.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 2-4.)

EASY LIVING—Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold in something so silly that it is really funny. (Thalia, 95, W. of B'way; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 1-4.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 8-9.)

THE FIREFLY—There is too much story nonsense here, but the old Friml tunes are delightful. With Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE GOOD EARTH—Pearl Buck's North China, its farmers, wars, famines, and locusts. A beautiful picture, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Oct. 6; continuous from 10 A.M.)

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME—Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, the Pennsylvania oil boom, Kern music, and Mamoulian direction. It doesn't quite jell, but what of it? (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Oct. 5; continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR—Marlene Dietrich, assisted by Robert Donat, in a wild and showy drama of the Russian Revolution. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Paul Muni's amazingly successful sketch of the novelist, in a film which is always interesting, and especially so during its detailed treatment of the Dreyfus Case. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

LOST HORIZON—Fine mountain scenery and a modish lamasery in Tibet. Ronald Colman is most in evidence. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Oct. 6; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER—A sinister piece for the thrill-seekers, with Ann Harding, oddly enough, and Basil Rathbone. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Sept. 30.)

MAYERLING—Romantic, tragic, and royal love, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. A sad and very pretty French film. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:52, 4:44, 6:36, 8:28, and 10:30 P.M.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL—Superior because of Leopold Stokowski, who is assisted by child prodigy Deanna Durbin, as well as by an orchestra. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE ROAD BACK—Some vivid moments, but not always satisfactory as a sketch of Remarque's postwar Germany. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Oct. 1.... Rio, B'way at 160; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 4-6.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 6-7.)

SARATOGA—Because of Jean Harlow, this has some interest. A story of race-track society, with Clark Gable. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 3-4.)

THE SPANISH EARTH—Madrid today, with very special photography by Joris Ivens and an eloquent commentary by Ernest Hemingway. (Squire, 8 Ave. at 45; continuous from noon.)

TOPPER—An absurd and really comic picture wherein Constance Bennett becomes invisible before your eyes. With Cary Grant and Roland Young. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 2-4.)

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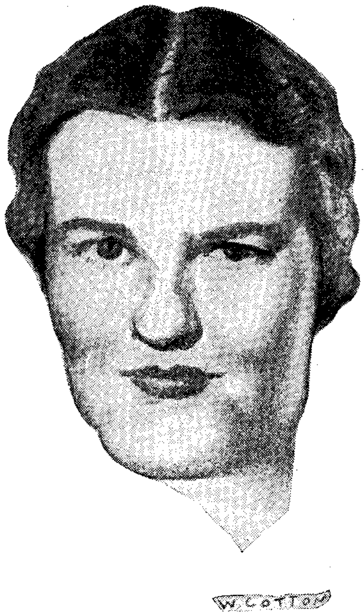


MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON,

who this week is not only writing in the "Herald Tribune" and broadcasting over the radio but is also talking earnestly at the Herald Tribune Forum at the Waldorf. She is strong, healthy, handsome, broad-minded, and hypersensitive to implications. Began her column only the other day by saying, "The President's Constitution Day speech has implications which . . ." and has selected as the subject of her Forum talk "The Implications of Freedom." One day, on her way to a broadcast, she got tied up in traffic, jumped out of her taxi, ran eight blocks, and got to the studio in time to say, "In the news from Geneva today there are implications which . . ."

REVIVALS

THE BOWERY (1933)—Wallace Beery, George Raft, and some others bring to life the high days of the old East Side. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 4-5.)

HELL DIVERS (1932)—Wallace Beery and good photography of naval aviation give this picture some worth-while moments. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

SCARFACE (1932)—One of the best of the early underworld films. Paul Muni and George Raft. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Sept. 30.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Pleasant and lively English thriller. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll. (Little Carnegie, 57, W. of 7 Ave.; Thurs., Sept. 30.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

AUTO SHOW—National Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, Oct. 27-Nov. 3.

BALLETS—Jooss European Ballet, Alvin Theatre, Oct. 16-17.... De Basil's Ballet Russe, Metropolitan Opera House, Oct. 22-31.

FOOTBALL—Oct. 16: Princeton vs. Chicago, Chicago; Navy vs. Harvard, Baltimore; Yale vs. Army, New Haven; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, New York; Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca.... Oct. 23: Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge; Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven; Columbia vs. Brown, New York; Notre Dame vs. Navy, South Bend.... Oct. 30: Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven; Columbia vs. Cornell, Ithaca; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia.... Nov. 6: Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven; Navy vs. Columbia, Annapolis.... Nov. 13: Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven; Army vs. Notre Dame, New York; Harvard vs. Davidson, Cambridge; Columbia vs. Syracuse, New York.... Nov. 20: Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton; Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge; Columbia vs. Dartmouth, New York.... Nov. 27: Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 3-10.

HUNT RACES—Rolling Rock, Ligonier, Pa., Oct. 6 and 9.... West Hills, Huntington, L.I., Oct. 12.... Rose Tree, Media, Pa., Oct. 13 and 16.... Monmouth County, Red Bank, N.J., Oct. 16.... Blue Ridge, Berryville, Va., Oct. 23.... Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Oct. 27 and 30.... United Hunts, Belmont Park, L.I., Nov. 2.

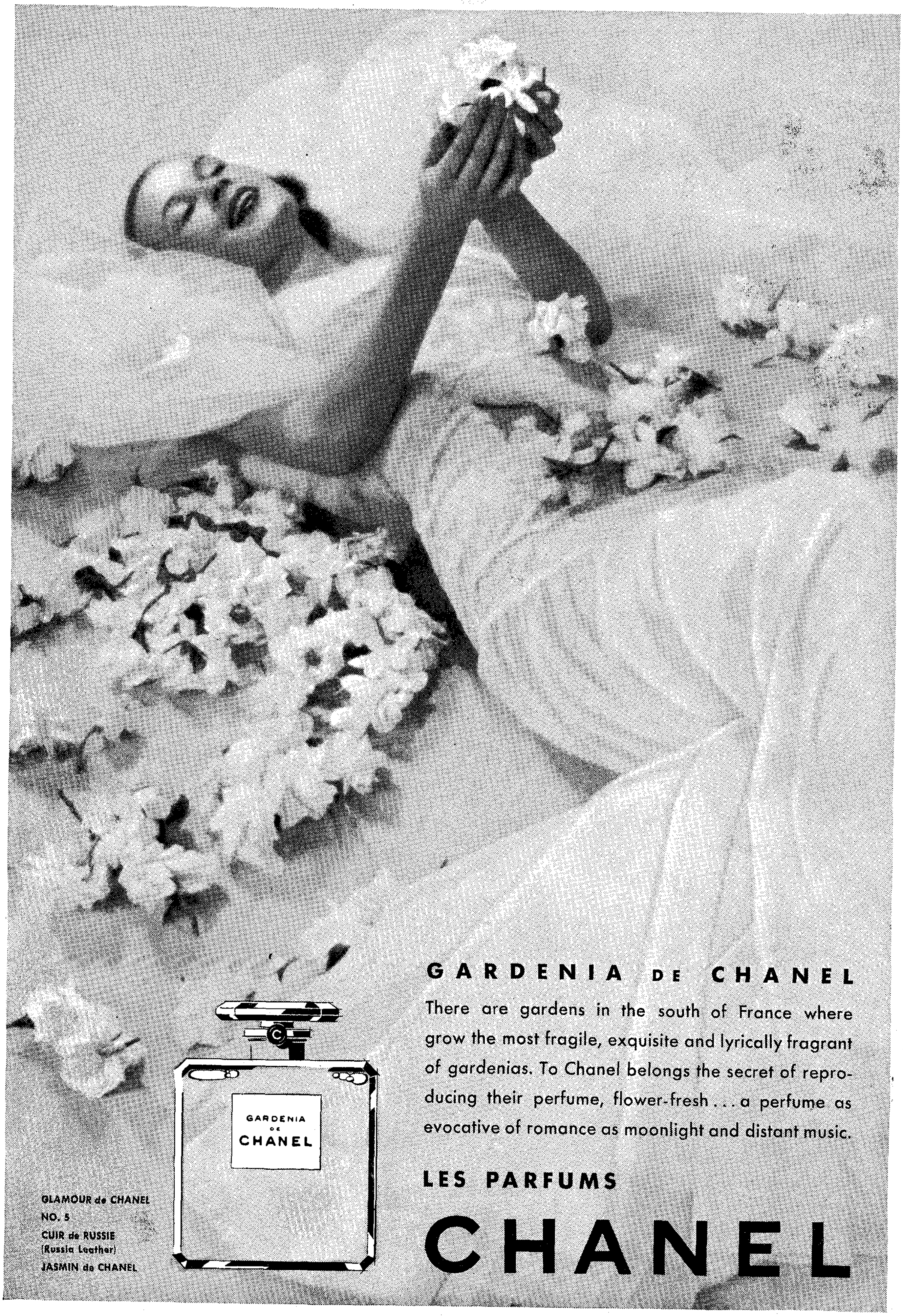
MUSIC—At Carnegie Hall—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Oct. 19; Stokowski, Nov. 9. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, starting Oct. 21. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 18 and 20. Recitals: Fritz Kreisler, Oct. 16 (Aft.); Feodor Chaliapin, Oct. 26; Jascha Heifetz, Nov. 3; Efrem Zimbalist, Nov. 16.... At Town Hall: Walter Gieseking, Oct. 10 (Aft.); Richard Tauber, Oct. 26 and 30; New Friends of Music, starting Nov. 7.

RACING—Jamaica, L.I., Oct. 4-16.... Empire City, Yonkers, Oct. 18-30.... Laurel, Md., Oct. 2-30.... Pimlico, Md., Nov. 1-11.... Bowie, Md., Nov. 12-30.

TENNIS—First U.S. Open Tennis Championships, Greenbrier Golf & Tennis Club, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Oct. 13-17.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Madame Bovary," Theatre Guild production, with Constance Cummings: Broadhurst, Oct. 19.... "I'd Rather Be Right," musical comedy by George Kaufman, Moss Hart, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with George M. Cohan: Music Box, Oct. 26.... "Between the Devil," Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz musical, with Jack Buchanan and Evelyn Laye: Imperial, Nov. 2.... "Amphitryon 38," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne: Shubert, Nov. 2.

OTHER DATES—Antiques Exposition, Hotel Commodore, Oct. 18-22.... Election Day is Tues., Nov. 2.... Book Fair, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, Nov. 5-21.... Velvet Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 5.... Horse Show Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 6.



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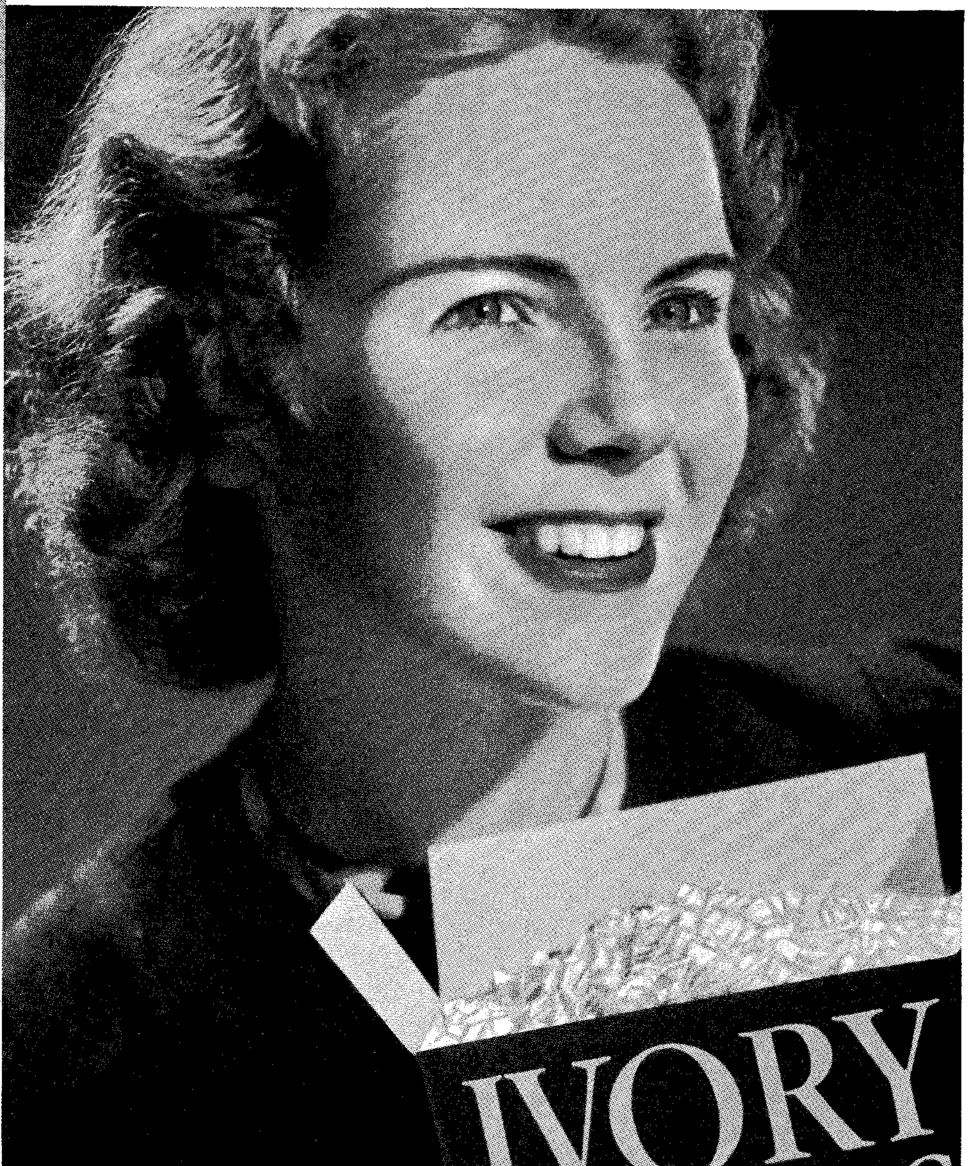

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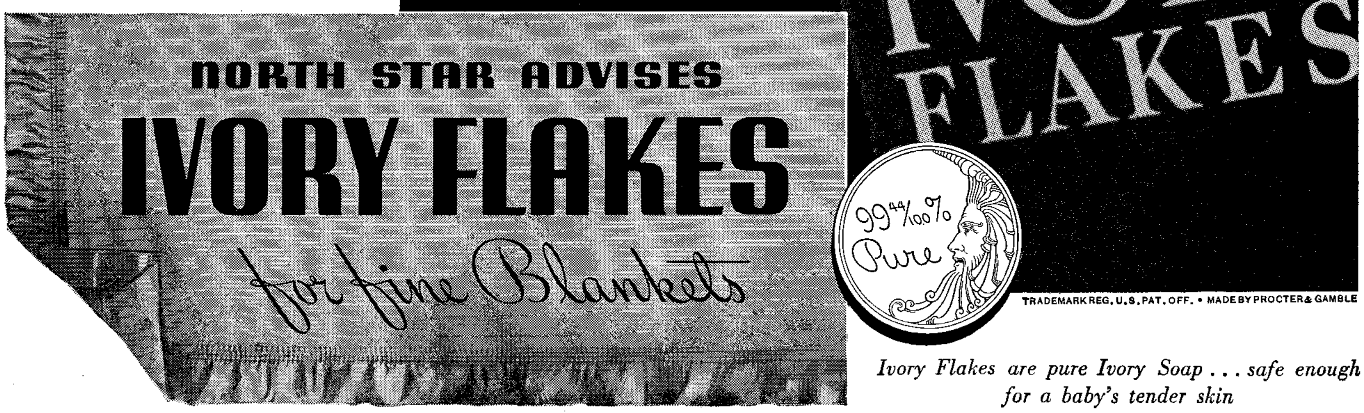
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to Motley, Ltd., young Londoners go for casual topcoats like this, brief, boxy, with high squared shoulders. And to Altman, come Young Colony Shoppers . . . we've copied our import line for line, in corduroy, and in plaid tweed, at 29.95.

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

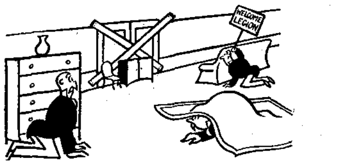
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Sneakiest Trick of the Week: Before General Seafoods launched three fishing trawlers at Quincy, Massachusetts, they got a carpenter to run a glass-cutter around the bottom of three champagne bottles so they would be sure to break on the first swing at the christening ceremonies.

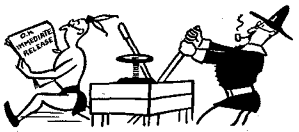
THE most debonair gesture of the week was made by Sloane's, in a flurry of pure fright. Having timbered over their Fifth Avenue store front the night before the big parade, and having dug themselves in behind mountains of authentic Oriental carpets, they then deputized a man to put up a sign across the barricades outside, saying heartily, "Welcome American Legion!"



THOSE half-million visitors brought only one new sound to the city. It was the clanging of locomotive bells on those imitation French trains. Out of the babel, that clear and sometimes tuneful bonging was curiously pleasant. It had a small-town sound—old No. 57 coming in on a summer night, while girls in white dresses, their hair plaited, strolled by the depot with boys in white flannel trousers. After the Legion had gone, we missed only those bells, which, in our convention-long seclusion, we heard through the closed casements of a mossy tower hidden in midtown.

EVERY time we almost decide what our market position ought to be under these unsettled conditions, something happens to revive our doubts. The crystal-gazing *Times* the other day was rather helpful to us in our personal crisis. Major L. L. B. Angas, whose book, "The Coming American Boom," has now begun to slack off in sales, had an advertisement on the *Times*' financial page. It announced the early publication of a digest by the Major, to be called "The Coming New Boom (Due to Managed Money)." The very next advertisement down the page proclaimed the publication of "America Faces Its Greatest Business Depression," by William J. Baxter. We don't want to influence your judgment, but we're going right over and buy a bond from Mr. Baxter, who conceivably is in a selling mood. Then we're going to run as fast as ever we can and sell the same bond to Major Angas, who must be buying like mad. After that we'll go home, jump into bed, and pull the blankets up over our head until the thing blows over.

DRIVING aimlessly around the country near Nyack one recent Saturday, we saw a group of people in fancy dress troop purposefully into a church at Tappan. We trooped right in after them, clad in a simple sack suit, and found ourself in the heart of the annual reunion of a Dutch-American family named Blauvelt. Every fall, it seems, a couple of hundred Blauvelts get together, eat a turkey lunch, elect officers, reënact a pageant or two, dance on the green, and call each other Cousin. This year they traced the family history from 1637 on in a skit enlivened by a character called the Voice of the Hudson, and numerous references to Indians, wampum, and the rigors of Colonial life on the Tappan Land Tract. Next they went to the Dutch Reformed Church, sang hymns, and talked about the family. We sat in a pew alongside a youth got up as an Indian and a nice old lady in early Dutch costume, and enjoyed, vicariously, the general sensation of durability. What really convinced us that the family is going to survive another three hundred years was the presence of the family publicity man, Cousin Hiram of Oradell, New Jersey, equipped with several dozen mimeographed accounts of the occasion, each one marked "Special News Story. Attention: City Editor. O.K. for Immediate Release."



WE hadn't looked at an autograph catalogue since the days when such lists were pretty much confined to established worthies like Benjamin Franklin and the Earl of Beaconsfield, which may be why Mr. Walter R. Benjamin's *The Collector*, in its latest issue, gave us such a turn when it listed signed photographs of Elsa Maxwell and Ethel Merman. After the initial shock we found ourself getting interested, however. You can get Elsa and Ethel for a dollar apiece, same as Franchot Tone, Nazimova, Alexander Woollcott, Ed Wynn, ZaSu Pitts, and Bishop Manning (signed letter, not a picture). Mary Pickford (picture) is also a dollar, but Buddy Rogers is only fifty cents. Anna May Wong is half a buck, too, while Harry Richman, Lupe Velez, and Sophie Tucker are thirty-five cents, which seems reasonable. What worries us is how anyone to whom Bishop Manning would write a letter could be the kind of person who would sell it to Mr. Benjamin, presumably for less than a dollar. Or did some cunning charwoman fish it out of a wastebasket?

Going on through *The Collector*, we

learned that the *Literary Digest* and its late publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, have been cleaning out their files. Mr. Benjamin offers letters-to-Funk-&-Wagnalls from Gabrilowitsch and Oliver Wendell Holmes, among others; and letters-to-the-*Literary-Digest* from Samuel Gompers and Will Rogers. Both Gompers and Rogers wrote praising the magazine. It may interest somebody to know that we have a noncommittal letter signed by the Acting Chief of the Treasury Department's Division of Loans and Currency. It's about three old War Savings stamps—Certificate No. 14,113,110—we are gradually getting redeemed. The fifes and drums last week made us think of them.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: They have tried everything, but they can't rid the Hippodrome of the elephant smell left over from "Jumbo." Fortunately, it's not unpleasant—sort of musty and mellow.

At the brawling intersection of Eighth Avenue and Jane Street, there is a little tavern much prized by local *boulevardiers* for its hamburgers and draught beer. Its name is Star Dust.

In the editorial offices of the *Daily Worker*, all the telephones bear labels reading, "This Wire Is Tapped!"

The International Printing Ink Corporation has named one of its colored inks Expectant Mother Green.

The Other Fifth Avenue

FOR years we've been reading from time to time of Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. It gets into the papers because there's a police station on it and the cops there turn up a murderer occasionally or someone of underworld note. It being rather dull in Manhattan this week, we called for volunteers from our staff of assistants and dispatched one of them over there—a fellow who has knocked about the world a lot, named Stanley. He got out a map of the city (discovering that there is actually a third Fifth Avenue within the city limits, a dinky little affair in Queens), saw that Brooklyn's Fifth Avenue is nearly as long as Manhattan's, and was off. After a few false moves, Stanley reached the Washington Square of Brooklyn's Fifth Avenue, which turned out to be a cobblestoned and somewhat messy lane called Fort Greene Place, where a Mr. Meyer Kornblum did a wholesale business in beef, veal, and lamb, along with better-known dealers such as Swift and Armour. No. 1 Fifth was a parking lot.

Our explorer saw that both an elevated and a surface line ran along the avenue and chose the latter as the best means of carrying on. From here, he describes his trip as gloomy. The cross streets started out with fine old names like Garfield, Carroll, and Berkeley, at the corners of which grim, rather oppressed-looking shoppers were to be seen buying *gelati e spumoni* at a Pasticceria Italiana, considering the housefurnishings line of J. Ginsburg, or inspecting the bargains at the Fifth Avenue Fish Market. Soon First Street appeared, and from there on the streets were numbered, just as on the real Fifth Avenue, but the traffic lights were six or seven blocks apart and the posts weren't surmounted by any figure of the Spirit of Traffic. Later came a cemetery, on the left, and for a mile it was graves on one side and commercial desolation on the other. There was a vacant lot where the Empire State Building ought to have been, and a sign saying "For Rent—Suitable for a Lunch Wagon." At Forty-second Street, signs in the windows of Weingarten's Department Store announced that it was having a clearance sale and, also, "We Are Authorized to Accept Relief Checks." The tallest building on the avenue was a church at Sixtieth Street, but it wasn't nearly as tall as St. Patrick's. When the "L" tracks finally swung down a side street, the avenue perked up a little bit, with branch banks of a familiar name and a Woolworth store here and there, as well as a tiny automobile row—Dodge and Oldsmobile. The highest number on the avenue was 9437, the Bay Barber Shop, after which Fifth veered into Fourth and was heard of no more.

Stanley had been instructed to talk to a few of the local people and pick up some chitchat, but he never did—just stayed on the trolley and came back, afraid to tackle the subway that far out.

Record

A YOUTH who entered Harvard this fall tells us that he was brushing his teeth in the bathroom, after his first night in the Yard, when a charwoman barged in and said that she would be taking care of his room during the coming year. "I have been here twenty-eight years," she told him. "I have had four Goelets, three Vanderbilts, two Roosevelts, and one Astor." So saying, she barged out again, leaving the youth alone with his toothbrush and a brand-new inferiority complex.

Old Game

OUR mature readers will certainly remember Mah-Jongg, the Chinese game so popular back in 1923. For the benefit of our young readers, we might explain that the game was not unlike rummy in principle, and was played with dozens and dozens of domino-like pieces called "tiles," exotically marked and staggeringly expensive. Interested as we always are by glimpses of the past, we dropped in at Essex House recently, to see what went on at the first annual convention of the National Mah-Jongg League. Mah-Jongg, it seems, isn't dead; it's just been sleeping. Upward of four hundred lady delegates were present, hailing from various parts of the metropolitan area but looking as if they all hailed from Central Park West; their purpose, we learned, was to agree on a standardized set of Mah-Jongg rules. We thought Mah-Jongg rules had always been standardized, but no. As we took our seat in the back of the hall, which was filled with excited ladies, the one who had the floor cried, "If you don't standardize the rolling kitty, you'll be caught with your pants down!"

After the convention had adjourned to catch its breath, we were introduced to Mrs. William Cecil, founder and first president of the Mah-Jongg League. She scoffed, right there in Essex House, at the idea that Mah-Jongg had been forgotten. It's played here in New York all the time, far into the night, for stakes. "I play only three or four times a week," she told us. "Not *nearly* as often as some of the other girls." Somehow, it seems to be an understood thing that the players are girls, the boys having dropped out some time between 1923 and the present. The League, she said, just sprang up spontaneously, Mah-Jongg players naturally being pretty close to one another. It is going to do whatever is possible to revive the game's popularity. Already, Mrs. Cecil estimates, there are a hundred thousand players, some old addicts, some recent converts.

Mah-Jongg, if you are meticulous about such matters, can be called Mah Chang, Pung Chow, Mah Choh, or Pung Woo. It was trademarked in this country as Mah-Jongg, by a Mr. Babcock, who introduced the game to America in 1921 and cleaned up a tidy sum of money by so doing. Parker Brothers, the present holders of the trademark, are watching the revival with interest, and, Mrs. Cecil told us, report that sales are steadily mounting. However, things will probably never get back to what they were in 1923, when bridge experts had to change overnight into Mah-Jongg experts, and the sales of imported Chinese sets came to $1,500,000.

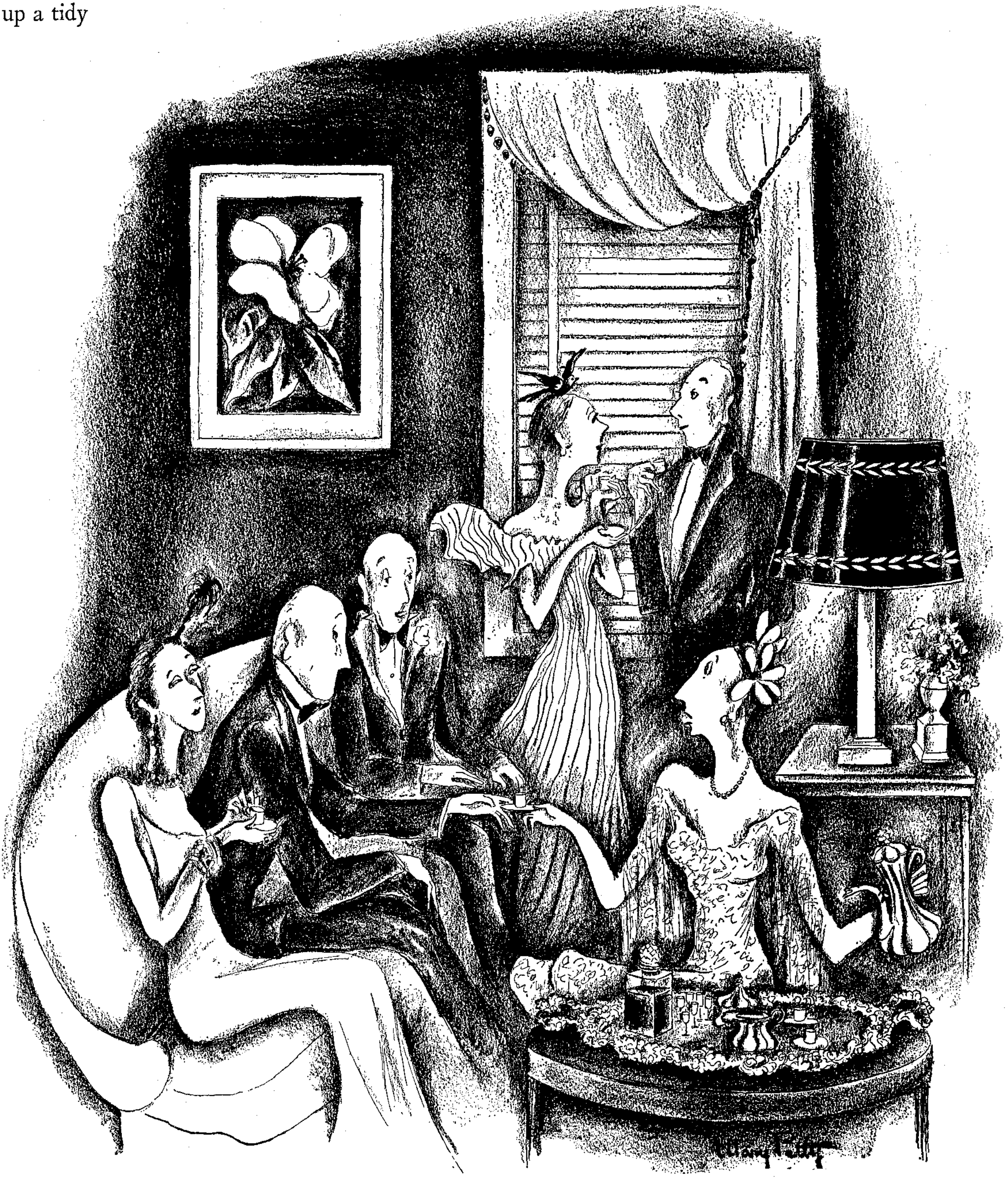
Relative

ONE of our contemporaries, a monthly magazine called *Romantic Stories*, has been running a snapshot contest in which the readers—all presumably feminine—have been encouraged to send in photographs of their husbands, brothers, cousins, or other male relatives, the winner to be judged on the basis of personal beauty. The lady who submitted the winning snapshot is a Miss Pearl Wanger, aged 29, of 638 C Street, N.E., Washington, D. C. On the blank which had to be sent in along with the picture, she had filled in, opposite the question as to whether she was related to the subject, the answer, "Yes." "If so, how?" . . . "Boy Friend." Miss Wanger will receive a diamond ring set in platinum. The Boy Friend, Private Martin F. Sinatra, aged 23, First Chemical Company, Quantico, Va., receives nothing but the envying admiration of his fellow-Marines.

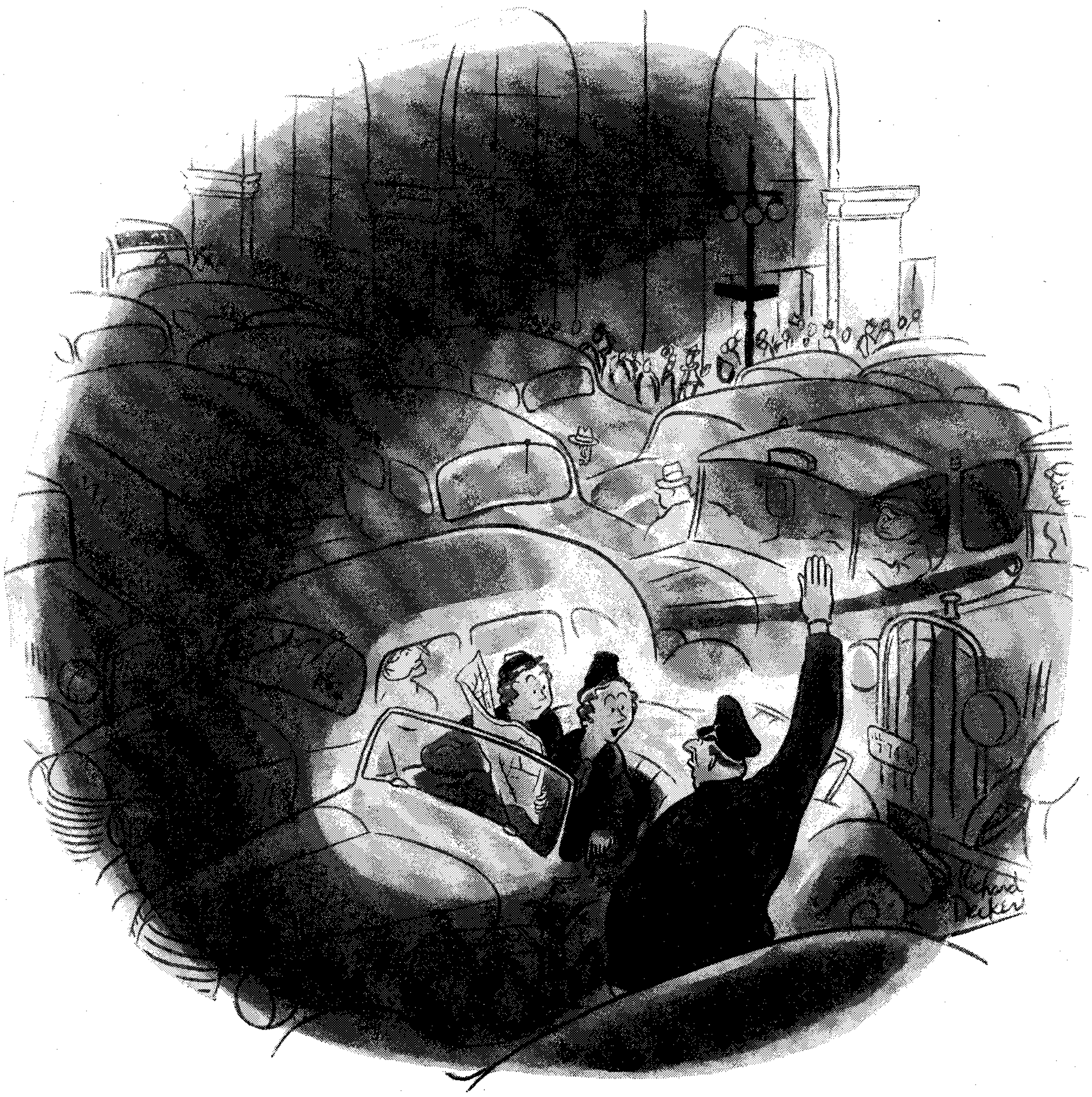
Philosopher

IF, around two or three A.M. of a Wednesday, you should happen to see a tall, bony, gray-banged man of about fifty-five walking around the rim of Central Park with extreme rapidity, you may be reasonably comfortable in the satisfying assumption that you have seen one of the city's rare sights: a letter to the Editor of the *Sun* in its preliminary stage. The hurrying pedestrian is almost certain to be David Betts, the *Sun's* Taxi Philosopher and star letter-writer. He has been known to walk around the Park (six miles) in an hour and fifteen minutes when the urge was on him. A letter from Betts has appeared in nearly every Saturday edition of the *Sun* for the last ten years. This, he tells us, mustn't be taken as an indication that he aspires to an endurance record. "I simply get the itch," he says, "usually on Wednesday mornings." To avoid any temptation to be dominated by any non-stop ambition, he deliberately suppresses the itch occasionally and the *Sun* doesn't get a letter that week. It relieves the tension all around, he thinks.

Betts is a veteran writer to the



"He still carries her bullet in his body. That's how he can tell when it's going to rain."



"You mean we're in Philadelphia—right here?"

newspapers, having broken into the old *World* in 1915 in a communication concerning the unsanitary condition of the Jefferson Market Jail, where he had been obliged to spend a night for some traffic-regulation violation. He was driving a taxi at the time. He shifted later to the *Telegram* and then to the *Post*, but it wasn't until he achieved his niche in the *Sun* that he felt he had found an editor he could really go along with. Early in their relationship, the *Sun* bestowed the title of Taxi Philosopher on him, and this resulted in a large and faithful public; there are letter readers as well as writers. In due course Betts achieved the preferred position of all letters-to-the-editor writers—the top of the column. Lately he requested that his letter be placed toward the middle of the department, figuring that this gives him a better psychological effect. The *Sun* readily complied. He is still the Taxi Philosopher, although he hasn't driven a cab for some time now. The fact is, he's been on relief.

In 1930, an optimistic publisher persuaded Betts to write his autobiography. In it he told of his early life in Yorkshire, England, of work on Canadian ranches and in the lumber camps, of driving a New York taxi, of an attack of scarlet fever which left him with defective hearing and cut him off from the pleasure of conversation. During the World War, he managed to stay thirteen months in the Canadian forces before the officers realized he was deaf. The book didn't sell very well.

Paradoxically, the Taxi Philosopher must walk to get his ideas in shape. *Sun* readers have no notion of the mileage that goes into these Saturday epistles, even the briefest. The total is staggering. In 1933, Betts hiked to the World's Fair in Chicago—twenty-two days straight on the road. The year before that, he had started to walk "around the United States" and had completed six thousand miles before he collapsed in Arizona. Troopers arrested him and slugged him many times, but through it all he never missed a week with his letter. Of late, he has been less philosophical, more concerned with topical events. He has argued for the judicial *status quo*—"to me the Supreme Court is a thing of beauty"—and against Social Security, the WPA, and Communism. A solid *Sun* viewpoint. His style is still proletarian, though, and he plans to keep it so. He still spurns the dictionary, which he fears might be a destructive influence. After tearing once around the Park of a Wednesday morning, he hikes to his room at the Mills Hotel on Thirty-sixth Street and commits his thoughts to paper, usually putting his letter in the mail by dawn, addressed, simply, "Editor, the *Sun*." It always gets there. He used to turn first to the letter column when he picked up the *Sun* on Saturdays, but now he takes the issue in his stride, getting to his stuff in natural sequence. "Sometimes I think I'm crazy," he told us, "but I guess I can't be if the *Sun* prints me." We were able to be mildly reassuring, expressing the belief that such fears are common to writers.

Key to the Ages

THE small animals marooned since the Ice Age on Shiva Temple and Wotan's Throne in the Grand Canyon had to wait somewhat longer than was quite necessary to be discovered by Dr. Anthony of the American Museum of Natural History, it seems. Our mammalogy man wires us that lost-key trouble caused the delay. The assault, as we get the facts, was to have been launched by plane from the north rim of the canyon, a matter of seventeen miles as the American Museum flies, but the engines wouldn't pull right in the high altitudes and that meant packing everything up in a caravan of cars and driving around by road for two hundred and forty miles. Dr. Anthony fumed in an amiable, scientific manner over the delay, and then he fumed more when it was found that he had locked the car keys inside his sedan, which was at the head of the column. It took a garageman, who didn't know a thing about the lesser mammals, a good three hours to pry open a door, rescue the keys, and get science going again.

Peace House

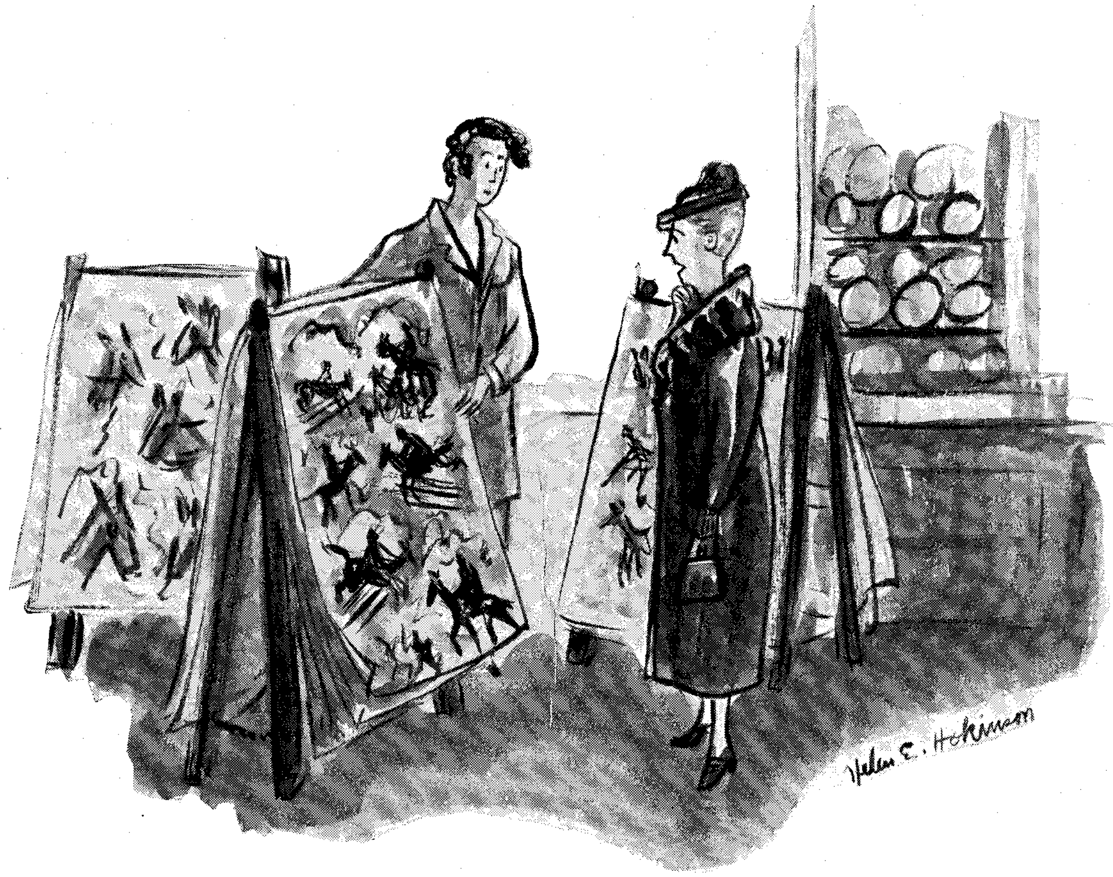
SOMETIME this week Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram intended to give out two silver cups she has awarded for "deeds of courage without violence" at the Peace House, of which she is director and founder. When we asked Mrs. Cram about this last week, she wasn't sure of the date; said it might be Wednesday, or Sunday, or some day between. We learned from her something about the Peace House, which is the mysterious, always-locked, one-story building at Fifth Avenue and 109th Street, and here, briefly, are the facts. During the war, Mrs. Cram, who is a great-granddaughter of Peter Cooper, and a zealous pacifist, attempted to lease auditoriums for meetings and failed. Hall managers would ask her what she wanted them for, and when she said "Peace," they'd refuse. She determined then that she'd build a place for meetings to promote peace, but time did not move rapidly with her and it wasn't until several years later that she got around to accomplishing her plan. She finally selected the 109th Street plot. It had been owned by her family, but had passed into the possession of Sobol Brothers, proprietors of the gas station at 110th Street. Mrs. Cram bought the property, agreeing not to erect a gas station, and in 1923 built the Peace House. The main part contained an auditorium, and a wing facing Sobols' gas station consisted of store sites intended to produce income. The building was formally opened and dedicated to universal brotherhood.

Through the years, Mrs. Cram found that speakers were not easy to obtain, and audiences hard to get out for meetings. Five or six winters ago, during a severe cold snap, the heating apparatus broke down and Mrs. Cram had to transfer herself and an audience hurriedly over to a dance hall adjoining the Club El Toreador on 110th Street. That was the last meeting she tried to hold in the auditorium. She moved out the chairs and locked it up. Of late she has resumed her peace activities, which consist largely of maintaining a standing display of anti-war posters in the wing on the Sobol Brothers side. She has converted the store sites, which were a disappointment commercially, into one large room, which contains the exhibit, some office furniture, and a magnificently carved Chinese bench with marble inlays. Mrs. Cram keeps a secretary there from four to six every Wednesday and two to six every Sunday to transact business and answer questions.

It is in this room that Mrs. Cram will present her silver cups, the first she has ever given out. The recipients will be Miss Rose Livingston, known as "the Angel of Chinatown," for her many years' campaign against white slavery, and William F. Fernandez, who saved six workmen when sewer gas flooded a pit in which they were working during the West Side Highway construction.

Coward and the Buddies

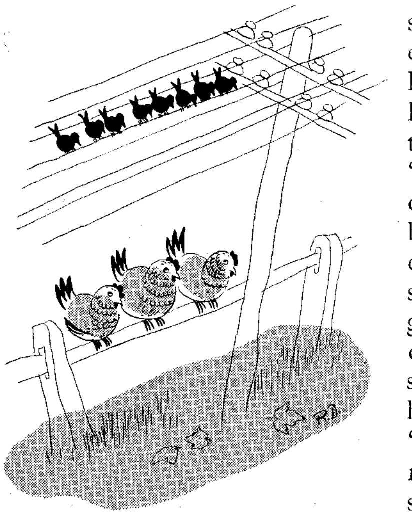
THE impact of the American Legion Convention on Noel Coward was witnessed by one of our alert correspondents, and so can be set down for posterity. Coming, on Wednesday night, from an opening in a theatre west of Times Square, he was caught up in a brawling, screaming mob of corn-fed Buddies. Before he could turn to flee, he had been grabbed, hoisted onto the shoulders of a pair of them, and carried briefly along the sidewalk, to the accompaniment of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," played on kazoos. As he slid to the ground and left the scene of horror, he was heard to say, in clipped tones, "That was not very funny." The man who sent us this story says that the under-emphasis was pretty much lost in the general confusion.



"Of course, horses aren't the only *thing my husband is interested in."*

THE MACBETH MURDER MYSTERY

“IT was a stupid mistake to make,” said the American woman I had met at my hotel in the English lake country, “but it was on the counter with the other Penguin books—the little sixpenny ones, you know, with the paper covers—and I supposed of course it was a detective story. All the others were detective stories. I’d read all the others, so I bought this one without really looking at it carefully. You can imagine how mad I was when I found it was Shakespeare.” I murmured something sympathetically. “I don’t see why the Penguin-books people had to get out Shakespeare’s plays in the same size and everything as the detective stories,” went on my companion. “I think they have different-colored jackets,” I said. “Well, I didn’t notice that,” she said. “Anyway, I got real comfy in bed that night and all ready to read a good mystery story and here I had ‘The Tragedy of Macbeth’—a book for high-school students. Like ‘Ivanhoe.’ ” “Or ‘Lorna Doone,’ ” I said. “Exactly,” said the American lady. “And I was just crazy for a good Agatha Christie, or something. Hercule Poirot is my favorite detective.” “Is he the rabbity one?” I asked. “Oh, no,” said my crime-fiction expert. “He’s the Belgian one. You’re thinking of Mr. Pinkerton, the one that helps Inspector Bull. He’s good, too.”

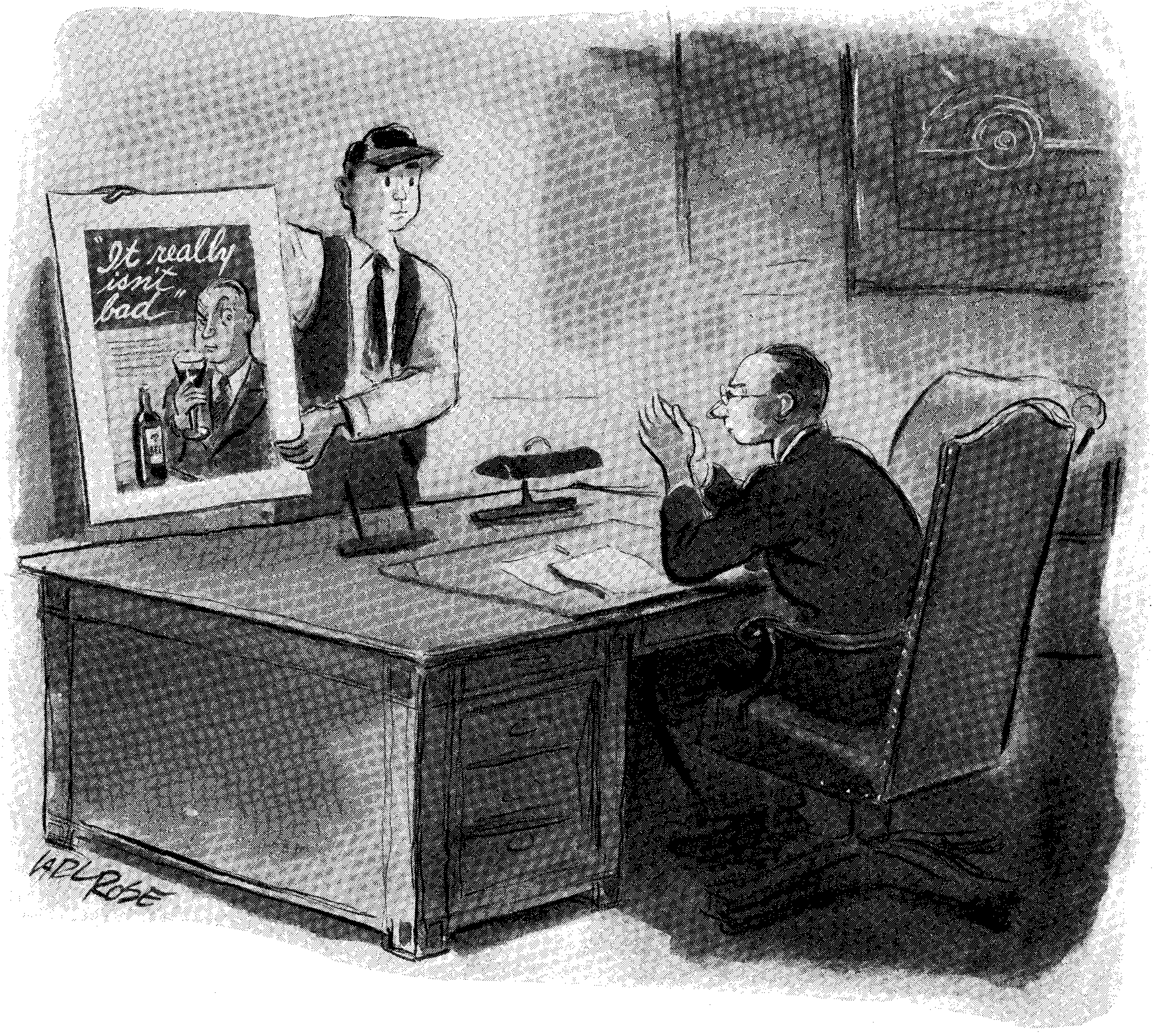


Over her second cup of tea my companion began to tell the plot of a detective story that had fooled her completely — it seems it was the old family doctor all the time. But I cut in on her. “Tell me,” I said. “Did you read ‘Macbeth’?” “I *had* to read it,” she said. “There wasn’t a scrap of anything else to read in the whole room.” “Did you like it?” I asked. “No, I did not,” she said, decisively. “In the first place, I don’t think for a moment that Macbeth did it.” I looked at her blankly. “Did what?” I asked. “I don’t think for a moment that he killed the King,” she said. “I don’t think the Macbeth woman was mixed up in it, either. You suspect them the most, of course, but those are the ones that are never guilty—or shouldn’t be, anyway.” “I’m afraid,” I began, “that I—” “But don’t you see?” said the American lady. “It would spoil everything if you could figure out right away who did it. Shakespeare was too smart for that. I’ve read that people never *have* figured out ‘Hamlet,’ so it isn’t likely Shakespeare would have made ‘Macbeth’ as simple as it seems.” I thought this over while I filled my pipe. “Who do you suspect?” I asked, suddenly. “Macduff,” she said, promptly. “Good God!” I whispered, softly.

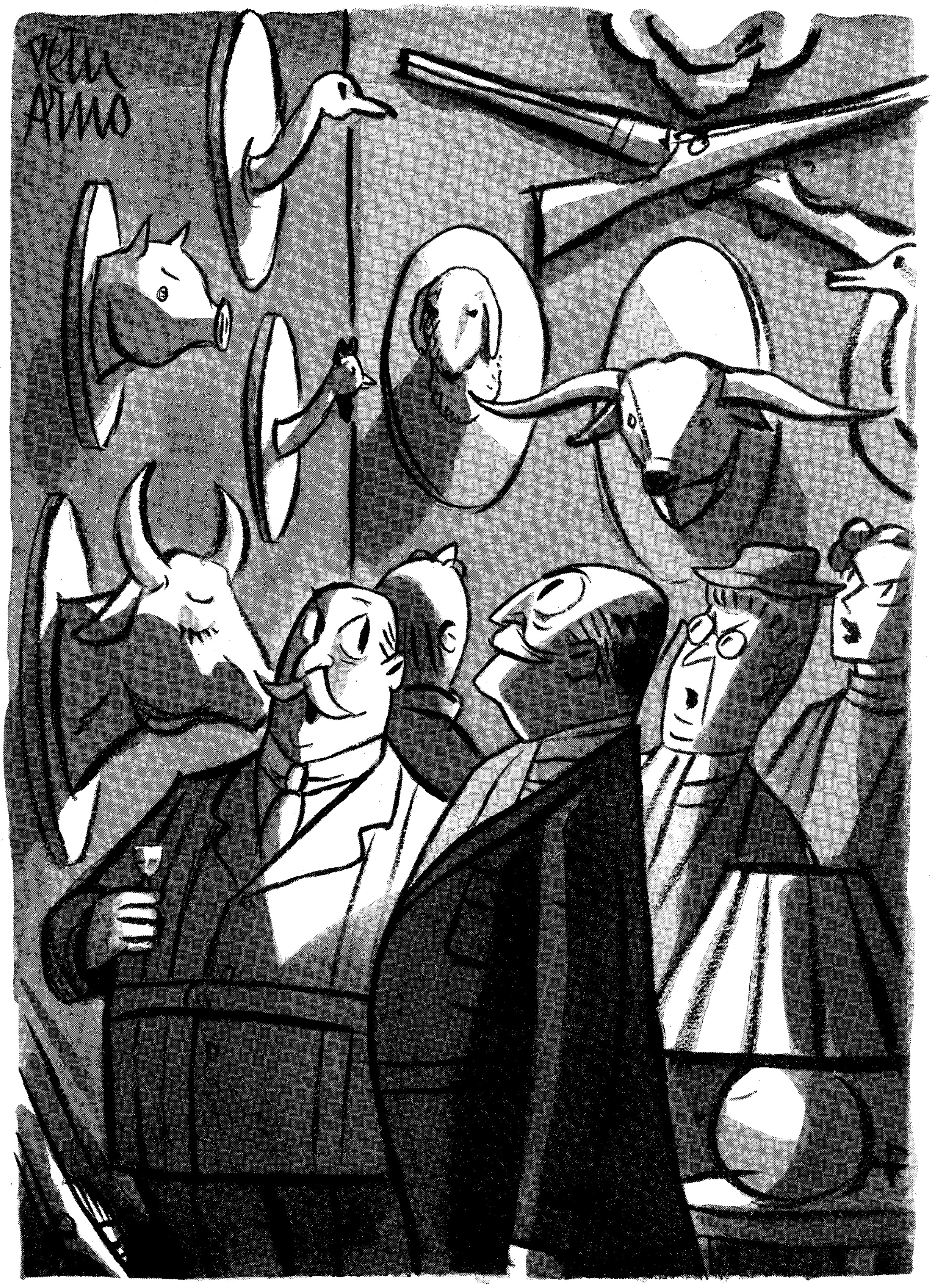
“Oh, Macduff did it, all right,” said the murder specialist. “Hercule Poirot would have got him easily.” “How did you figure it out?” I demanded. “Well,” she said, “I didn’t right away. At first I suspected Banquo. And then, of course, he was the second person killed. That was good right in there, that part. The person you suspect of the first murder should always be the second victim.” “Is that so?” I murmured. “Oh, yes,” said my informant. “They have to keep surprising you. Well, after the second murder I didn’t know *who* the killer was for a while.” “How about Malcolm and Donalbain, the King’s sons?” I asked. “As I remember it, they fled right after the first murder. That looks suspicious.” “Too suspicious,” said the American lady. “Much too suspicious. When they flee, they’re never guilty. You can count on that.” “I believe,” I said, “I’ll have a brandy,” and I summoned the waiter. My companion leaned toward me, her eyes bright, her teacup quivering. “Do you know who discovered Duncan’s body?” she demanded. I said I was sorry, but I had forgotten. “Macduff discovers it,” she said, slipping into the historical present. “Then he comes running downstairs and shouts, ‘Confusion has broke open the Lord’s anointed temple’ and ‘Sacrilegious murder has made his masterpiece’ and on and on like that.” The good lady tapped me on the knee. “All that stuff was *rehearsed*,” she said. “You wouldn’t say a lot of stuff like that, offhand, would you—if you had found a body?” She fixed me with a glittering eye. “I—” I began. “You’re right!” she said. “You wouldn’t! Unless you had practiced it in advance. ‘My God, there’s a body in here!’ is what an innocent man would say.” She sat back with a confident glare.

I thought for a while. “But what do you make of the Third Murderer?” I asked. “You know, the Third Murderer has puzzled ‘Macbeth’ scholars for three hundred years.” “That’s because they never thought of Macduff,” said the American lady. “It was Macduff, I’m certain. You couldn’t have one of the victims murdered by two ordinary thugs—the murderer always has to be somebody important.” “But what about the banquet scene?” I asked, after a moment. “How do you account for Macbeth’s guilty actions there, when Banquo’s ghost came in and sat in his chair?” The lady leaned forward and tapped me on the knee again. “There wasn’t any ghost,” she said. “A big, strong man like that doesn’t go around seeing ghosts—especially in a brightly lighted banquet hall with dozens of people around. Macbeth was *shielding somebody!*” “Who was he shielding?” I asked. “Mrs. Macbeth, of course,” she said. “He thought she did it and he was going to take the rap himself. The husband always does that when the wife is suspected.” “But what,” I demanded, “about the sleepwalking scene, then?” “The same thing, only the other way around,” said my companion. “That time *she* was shielding *him*. She wasn’t asleep at all. Do you remember where it says, ‘Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper’?” “Yes,” I said. “Well, people who walk in their sleep *never carry lights!*” said my fellow-traveller. “They have a second sight. Did you ever hear of a sleepwalker carrying a light?” “No,” I said, “I never did.” “Well, then, she wasn’t asleep. She was acting guilty to shield Macbeth.” “I think,” I said, “I’ll have another brandy,” and I called the waiter. When he brought it, I drank it rapidly and rose to go. “I believe,” I said, “that you have got hold of something. Would you lend me that ‘Macbeth’? I’d like to look it over tonight. I don’t feel, somehow, as if I’d ever really read it.” “I’ll get it for you,” she said. “But you’ll find that I am right.”

I READ the play over carefully that night, and the next morning, after breakfast, I sought out the American woman. She was on the putting green, and I came up behind her silently and took her arm. She gave an exclamation. "Could I see you alone?" I asked, in a low voice. She nodded cautiously and followed me to a secluded spot. "You've found out something?" she breathed. "I've found out," I said, triumphantly, "the name of the murderer!" "You mean it wasn't Macduff?" she said. "Macduff is as innocent of those murders," I said, "as Macbeth and the Macbeth woman." I opened the copy of the play, which I had with me, and turned to Act II, Scene 2. "Here," I said, "you will see where Lady Macbeth says, 'I laid their daggers ready. He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it.' Do you see?" "No," said the American woman, bluntly, "I don't." "But it's simple!" I exclaimed. "I wonder I didn't see it years ago. The reason Duncan resembled Lady Macbeth's father as he slept is that *it actually was her father!*" "Good God!" breathed my companion, softly. "Lady Macbeth's father killed the King," I said, "and, hearing someone coming, thrust the body under the bed and crawled into the bed himself." "But," said the lady, "you can't have a murderer who only appears in the story once. You can't have that." "I know that," I said, and I turned to Act II, Scene 4. "It says here, 'Enter Ross with an old Man.' Now, that old man is never identified and it is my contention he was old Mr. Macbeth, whose ambition it was to make his daughter Queen. There you have your motive." "But even then," cried the American lady, "he's still a minor character!" "Not," I said, gleefully, "when you realize that he was also *one of the weird sisters in disguise!*" "You mean one of the three witches?" "Precisely," I said. "Listen to this speech of the old man's. 'On Tuesday last, a falcon towering in her pride of place, was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.' Who does that sound like?" "It sounds like the way the three witches talk," said my companion, reluctantly. "Precisely!" I said again. "Well," said the American woman, "maybe you're right, but—" "I'm sure I am," I said. "And do you know what I'm going to do now?" "No," she said. "What?" "Buy a copy of 'Hamlet,'" I said, "and solve *that!*" My companion's eyes brightened. "Then," she said, "you don't think Hamlet did it?" "I am," I said, "absolutely positive he didn't." "But who," she demanded, "do you suspect?" I looked at her cryptically. "Everybody," I said, and disappeared into a small grove of trees as silently as I had come. —JAMES THURBER



"Understatement has its place, Burton, but I'm afraid it's not in advertising."



"*I never kill except for food.*"

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER—III

[This is the third of five excerpts from a forthcoming book of family reminiscence by V. Sackville-West.—The Editors]

THE war outraged and infuriated my mother. She did not know how to cope with it in the least, so took refuge in regarding it as a personal insult. One by one, she had to watch the men at Knole being called up: the carpenters, the painters, the blacksmiths, the footmen. Even an appeal which she addressed to Lord Kitchener—for she still believed in personal appeals, and Lord Kitchener was a friend of hers, such a charming man when you went over to Broome to have lunch with him quite alone—produced no helpful result. It was terrible, she wrote; couldn't he, who was all-powerful, give her husband a safe staff job, instead of sending him off to that awful France or that awful Gallipoli? Supposing Lionel got killed? That would mean renewed death duties for Knole, and he, Lord Kitchener, who had such an appreciation of beautiful things, would realise what it would mean to the nation if more pictures, more tapestries, had to be sold to America. Unfortunately Lord Kitchener, despite his artistic tastes, seemed to think that even more urgent catastrophes threatened the nation. He returned a very polite reply, dictated, typewritten on War Office paper, to the effect that much as he would deplore any accident to Lord Sackville, he regretted that he was unable to interfere in the movements of any individual officer.

She wrote again. Her letter was couched in the most conciliatory terms. She quite understood, she wrote, that he couldn't do anything about an individual officer, but what about Knole? Knole was suffering from this horrible war. "I think perhaps you do not realise, my dear Lord K., that we employ five carpenters and four painters and two blacksmiths and two footmen, and you are taking them all from us! I do not complain about the footmen, although I must say that I had never thought I would see parlourmaids at Knole! I am putting up with them, because I know I must, but it really does offend me to see these women hovering round me in their starched aprons, which are not at all what Knole is used to, instead of liveries and even powdered wigs! Dear Lord K., I am sure you will sympathise with me when I say that parlourmaids are so middle-class, not at all what you and me are used to. But as I said that is not what I complain about. What I do mind, is your taking all our carpenters from us. I quite see that you must send my dear Lionel to Gallipoli; and he would be very cross with me if he knew I had written to you. Of course all the gentlemen must go. There is noblesse oblige, isn't there? and you and I know that —we must give an example. You are at the War Office and have got to neglect your dear Broome, which you love so much. I think you love it as much as I love Knole? and of course you must love it even more because the world says you have never loved any woman,—is that true? I shall ask you next time I come to luncheon with you. But talking about luncheon reminds me of parlourmaids, and I said I would not complain about them, (because I am patriotic after all), but I do complain about the way you take our workmen from us. Do you not realise, my dear Lord K., that you are ruining houses like ours? After all, there is Hatfield where Queen Elizabeth spent her time as a young princess, and that is historic too, just like Knole, and I am sure Lord Salisbury would tell you he was having frightful difficulties in keeping Hatfield going, just as we are having in keeping Knole. What can you do about it? It seems to me a national duty, just as important for us as keeping up the army and our splendid troops. I do admire them so much. Do help me all you can."

To this letter Lord Kitchener returned a polite and evasive reply.

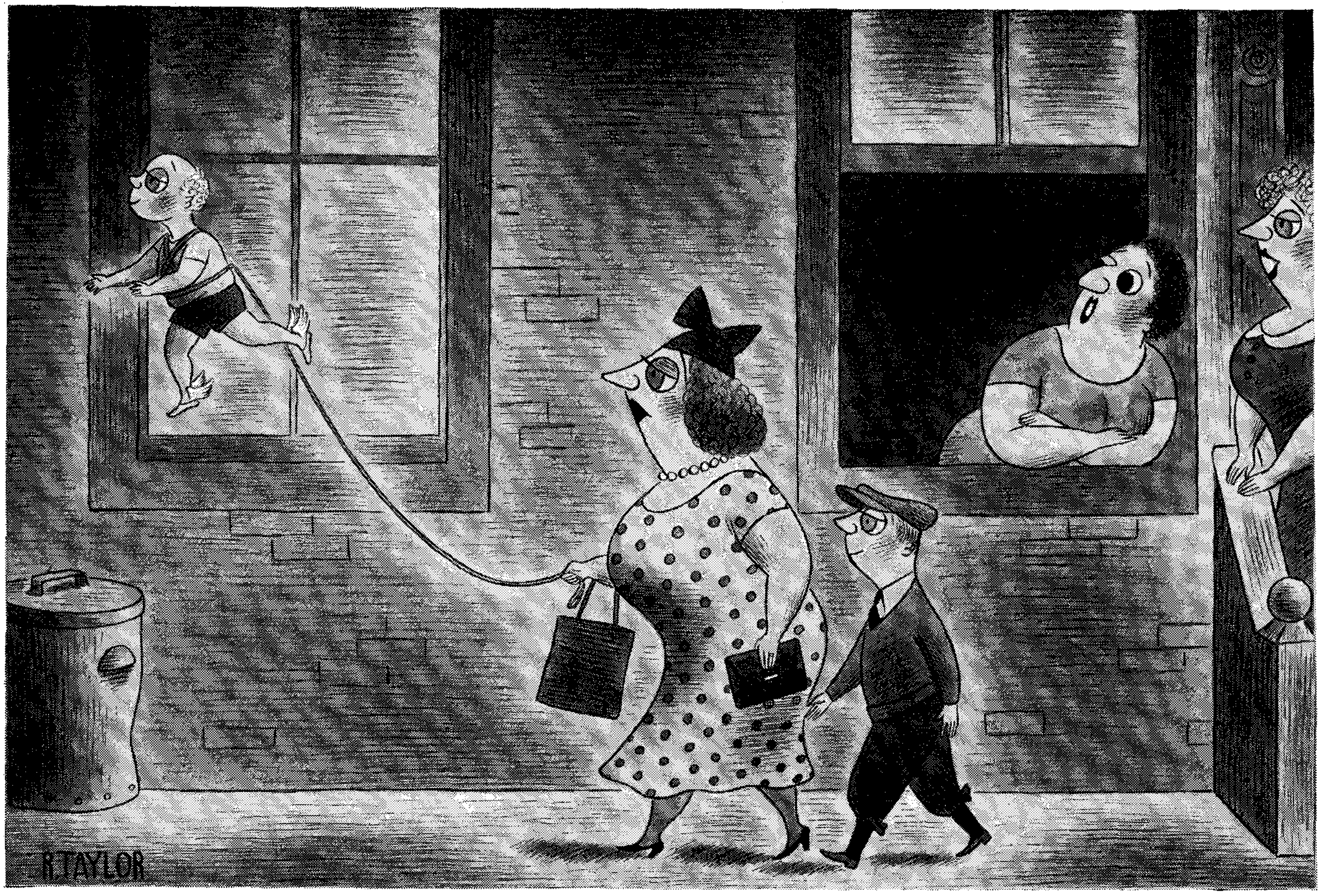
Then the income tax went up, and, undeterred by Lord Kitchener's lack of response, she wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: "I do wish you could see the unfairness there is in this heavy taxation on historical places. There are so very few in England that it would apply to as it would to Knole, that it would not affect the revenue at all seriously. This tax is simply ruinous on the place, and if my husband who is fighting in Palestine is killed the Death-duties paid 3 times in 30 years will be the death-blow. Can you help me to save it? I should love to show it to you any time you could come down and see for yourself how fair and patriotic my intense request is. I live here alone and in the strictest economy."

Like Lord Kitchener, the Chancellor of the Exchequer returned a polite reply: "Dear Lady Sackville. I have received your letter and appreciate your difficulties. But I am sure you will realise that it is impossible to modify the Income Tax system at the present time. Yours sincerely, A. Bonar Law."

She could write to these gentlemen, and receive answers from them, however unsatisfactory, but even she could not hope to receive any redress or reply from the chief offender of all. "Ce sale Kaiser!" she would exclaim whenever she momentarily could not think of anybody else to abuse. The evening paper announced a rise in milk prices, and she flung the paper in a rage to the ground. "Ce sale Kaiser, voilà qu'il a upset le milk." We all laughed so much at this disproportionate grievance, as well as at the mixture of French and English in which it was expressed, that she looked quite puzzled.

HAVING once realised that an European war was in progress and that she could do nothing to oppose it, she decided that she had better help. To this end she announced that she would turn the Great Hall at Knole into a hospital ward, and would be prepared to receive either English wounded or Belgian refugees. Arranging the hospital ward was almost as exciting as arranging for the Christmas sale at the now mercifully defunct Spealls, and she entered into the new adventure in very much the same spirit. So long as she had something to occupy her, it did not very much matter what it was. Her ideas as to the wants of injured soldiers or destitute Belgians were, however, dictated by her own experience rather than by any knowledge of suffering such as these men might have undergone: she thought they would each like a prettily decorated locker in which to keep their possessions, and a new toothbrush each. These she provided, with a reading lamp over each bed, and sat back to await the first arrivals.

These happened to be five harmless and harassed, though unprepossessing, Belgians. My mother was pleased at first, because she could talk French to them and could tell us all how abominable their accents were compared with her own. Which, indeed, was true. But



"I understand she was frightened by a telegram."

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then she proceeded to become really friendly with her refugees, and to show them all over the house, telling them where King James I had slept, and Queen Victoria, and similar things, until in their jocose innocence they started asking her which bedroom she would have given to the Kaiser had he chanced to visit Knole. She was already getting a little bored with them by that time, and conveniently decided that they must be spies. They were asking questions about Knole in order to send information to the Germans, they were in German pay, Knole would be bombed by the next Zeppelin, all because ces sales Boches thought the Kaiser had stayed there.

Everything went very rapidly, as it always did once my mother had got an idea into her head one way or the other. With the same energy as she had displayed in providing the decorated lockers and new toothbrushes for the victims of the war, she now set herself to get rid of her first contingent. They were spies; they had asked questions about the bedrooms. Worse than that, they had never used the toothbrushes. They had been at Knole for four days, and the toothbrushes were still as virgin as when they came out of the chemist's shop. That was quite conclusive proof for my mother, who instantly got into touch with the local police and commanded them to remove these dangerous spies without delay.

That, so far as I know, was the beginning and end of her war service.

—V. Sackville-West

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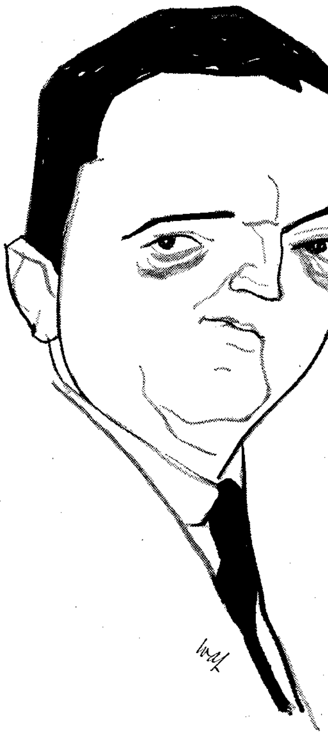
STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

It was all eminently
appropriate.
The whites were in white,
the blacks were in black,
the clergy was in half-mourning.
The large horse-faced lady
in the picture hat
sat across the aisle
from the rabbit-faced little lady
who was trying to control, vainly,
the shaking of her head.
A dozen
not too pretentiously shabby
painters, poets, musicians
applauded
the well-groomed manored ladies and gentlemen
applauding
the conspicuously neat scions of slaves
singing
"God's Goin' to Set This World on Fire."

—Babette Deutsch

PROFILES

THE DIRECTOR—II



John Edgar Hoover

AT forty-two, John Edgar Hoover is bulky and almost six feet tall, but when he entered Central High School in Washington, D. C., in 1909 he was so small and skimpy that the football coach rejected him on sight. The rebuff cast him down, and for a while the future Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation moped about the campus in low spirits. There was a cadet corps, and seeing in it an alternative means of earning distinction, he screwed up his hopes and joined. Because of his size, he was assigned to the rear rank in a squad made up of the smallest cadets. Four years later, still pony size, John stepped out in the Commencement Day dress parade as the captain of his company. Moreover, he made the valedictory speech, and this meant that he was a good mixer, because at Central valedictorians were elected by vote of the senior class.

Back of these early triumphs were an unusually intense boyish nature and a knack for discipline which the valedictorian had learned from his mother. Mrs. Hoover came from a long line of Swiss ancestors who were mercenary soldiers, and she kept alive the disciplinary tradition in her home, rewarding obedience and punishing disobedience with military impartiality. Her domestic justice set up in John a pattern of scrupulous regard for law and zeal for punishing wrong-doing, a pattern which as Director he is now trying to impress upon the American mind. As his crime crusade progresses, it is apparent that the valedictory experience, too, left a permanent mark on him. Twenty-four years have elapsed, but the temptation to stand up and tell the world where to head in remains strong in him.

The Hoover family enjoyed a certain parochial eminence because Mrs. Hoover, whose maiden name was Annie Scheitlin, was the niece of John Hitz, who had been the Honorary Consul General of Switzerland. John Edgar Hoover's father was Dickerson N. Hoover, a quiet and diligent minor government employee. The elder Hoover was of old American stock and of British and German descent. His career was an obscure one. At the time of his death, in 1922, he was in charge of printing reports for the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The discipline in the Hoover home had little effect on John's brother, Dickerson, Jr., who was fifteen years older. Dickerson was, and is today, amiable and easygoing. He, too, went to work for the government, and became Inspector General of the Steamboat Inspection Service. He retired two years ago and now lives on a farm in Maryland. A sister, who is a widow, lives nearby. John has never married. He makes his home with his mother.

When John was a high-school pupil, he sang in the choir and taught a Sunday-school class at the Church of the Covenant, a Presbyterian church to which the family belonged. He wore his cadet uniform on Sundays, and the appearance he made, plus a crisp, military way of enunciating the verities, made him a popular teacher. During this stage of his life he seriously thought of becoming a minister. He was impressed by the way people listened when he talked, and besides he thought it would be a fine thing if he could emulate his pastor, a Rev. Mr. McLeod. The clergyman was a hearty, virile chap, much given to promoting sports and social activities as adjuncts to the teaching of religion, a policy of which John heartily approved and which has become one of his adult enthusiasms. However, when he learned, by consulting with his elders, that a deeply religious nature was a good thing for a minister to have, he decided against becoming one. He knew himself well enough to be sure that he was no mystic.

At Central, John had won a liberal-arts scholarship offered by the University of Virginia, but had forfeited it because his living expenses in the university town would have been a hardship on his father. After his graduation from high school, John got a job as clerk in the Library of Congress at $30 a month and studied law at night at George Washington University. He got his degree in 1917 and moved on to a clerkship in the Department of Justice, a job which paid him $1,200 a year.

From the day he entered the Department, certain things marked Hoover apart from scores of other young law clerks. He dressed better than most, and a bit on the dandyish side. He had an exceptional capacity for detail work, and he handled small chores with enthusiasm and thoroughness. He constantly sought new responsibilities to shoulder and welcomed chances to work overtime. When he was in conference with an official of his department, his manner was that of a young man who confidently expected to rise. His superiors were duly impressed, and so important did they consider his services that they persuaded him to spend the period of the World War at his desk. In 1919, when Attorney General Palmer was organizing his notorious radical-baiting campaign, he made Hoover a Special Assistant Attorney General and put him in charge of the radical section of the Division of Investigation. Taking advantage of a national hysteria over the supposed imminence of revolution, Palmer's special agents and the police ruthlessly violated the civil rights of thousands of Americans in this drive. Homes were entered without search warrants and people under the meagrest sort of suspicion were jailed and held for days, in many cases without being told what charges they were being held on. Of more than six thousand persons arrested, only three hundred and fifty were found guilty enough to be deported, and it was almost ridiculously easy to prove guilt under the drastic wartime Sedition Act, which Palmer was invoking. Hoover's part in the purge was to organize the evidence which was obtained and to present it to a Department of Labor tribunal which had the power to deport under the Sedition Act. Clean-cut, cool, and efficient, the young prosecutor was a striking symbol of Palmer's holy warfare. Among the scalps which hung at his belt when it was all over were those of such important radicals as Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and Ludwig Martens, the unrecognized Soviet ambassador to the United States. Their mental workings fascinated Hoover and spurred him to a concerted attempt to understand them. He never quite succeeded. He read books and pamphlets which they had written and held long arguments with them in his office, and in the end decided that most radicals must be psychologically twisted.

From the start of his deportation work, Hoover had been amazed at the inefficiency shown by special agents. Charged with obtaining convicting evidence, many turned in reports which plainly showed that they had not the slightest idea of what it took to convict. Others were stupid and lazy, a few intelligent and industrious. Hoover asked himself why he, a novice, knew more about preparing a case than even the most experienced agents, and concluded that it was because he had studied law. He thereupon made a mental note to the effect that if he ever got anything to say about qualifications for special agents, a law degree would be one.

When the Harding regime took over Washington, Hoover saw the Division go from bad to worse. He had a closer view of the process of decay, too, for the new Director, William J. Burns, early in 1921 made him Assistant Director and placed upon the twenty-six-year-old subordinate the main burden of his administrative work. Hoover had to sit by and watch the Ohio Gang saddle the Division with a horde of rank incompetents whose only qualification was the recommendation of some politician whom they had served. He saw special agents' badges handed out to politicians themselves, as honorary deputy sheriffs' badges are handed out in small communities. He saw a second-rate New York theatrical producer awarded a badge for bringing to the capital a cheap girl show that tickled a prominent administration figurehead. He saw one given to a drunken hanger-on as a reward for amusing Department of Justice officials at noontime on the sidewalk outside the building with ribald songs and recitations. He knew that a shocking number of the new special agents were ex-convicts and police characters, and that one had served time for murder. He had but to look up from his desk to see Special Agent Gaston Means, who up to then had not been jailed, although he had been arrested. Hoover knew that graft and corruption were common, and that special agents were beating defenceless prisoners as a matter of routine instead of trying to outsmart them into confessions. He thought for a time of resigning and entering private law practice, but something, perhaps a feeling that right would ultimately prevail, caused him to stay.

After Harding's death in 1923, the scandals of the administration began coming to light and the Department of Justice was in the middle of an unlovely picture. In 1924, President Coolidge forced the resignation of Attorney General Daugherty and in his place appointed Harlan F. Stone, who has since become an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Stone was instructed to clean up the Division of Investigation. His first step was to remove Burns. For a successor to Burns he sought a man with wide police experience and enough mental elasticity to adjust himself to the idea of rebuilding the Division. Stone's main convictions were that the Division itself should be law-abiding and solicitous of civil rights, and that the special agents should be intelligent and educated men. Unable to find a man who filled the bill to his liking, Stone resolved to look for a promising young man who could be trained along the line of his pet theories. Assistant Director Hoover, with whom he had already held several preliminary conferences, came to his mind immediately. He asked Hoover whether he would like to have a tryout as Director. With a presumption that was close to brazen, Hoover replied that he would, provided he were assured that there would be no political meddling. This answer pleased Stone. He appointed Hoover Acting Director. Before the end of that year, confident that he had made a wise choice, he made Hoover Director. The new chief was only twenty-nine.

GIVEN an outlet for his pent-up zeal, Hoover cleaned house. He dismissed the ex-convicts and the police characters forthwith and made life so trying for the mere political hacks, through frequent transfers from city to city, that most of them resigned. Around a nucleus of agents whose ability and integrity had been established, he built up a new corps. Stone agreed with his contention that legal training was desirable in an agent and they made it a requirement, but one which might be relaxed if a candidate had other outstanding qualifications. At that time 16.5 per cent of the special agents had had legal training. Today 66 per cent have had it, while another 16 per cent are graduate accountants. And whatever objections may be made to Hoover and his corps today, no one qualified to judge doubts that efficiency has gone up immeasurably, that the merit system alone governs in promotions, and that morale is at a high pitch.

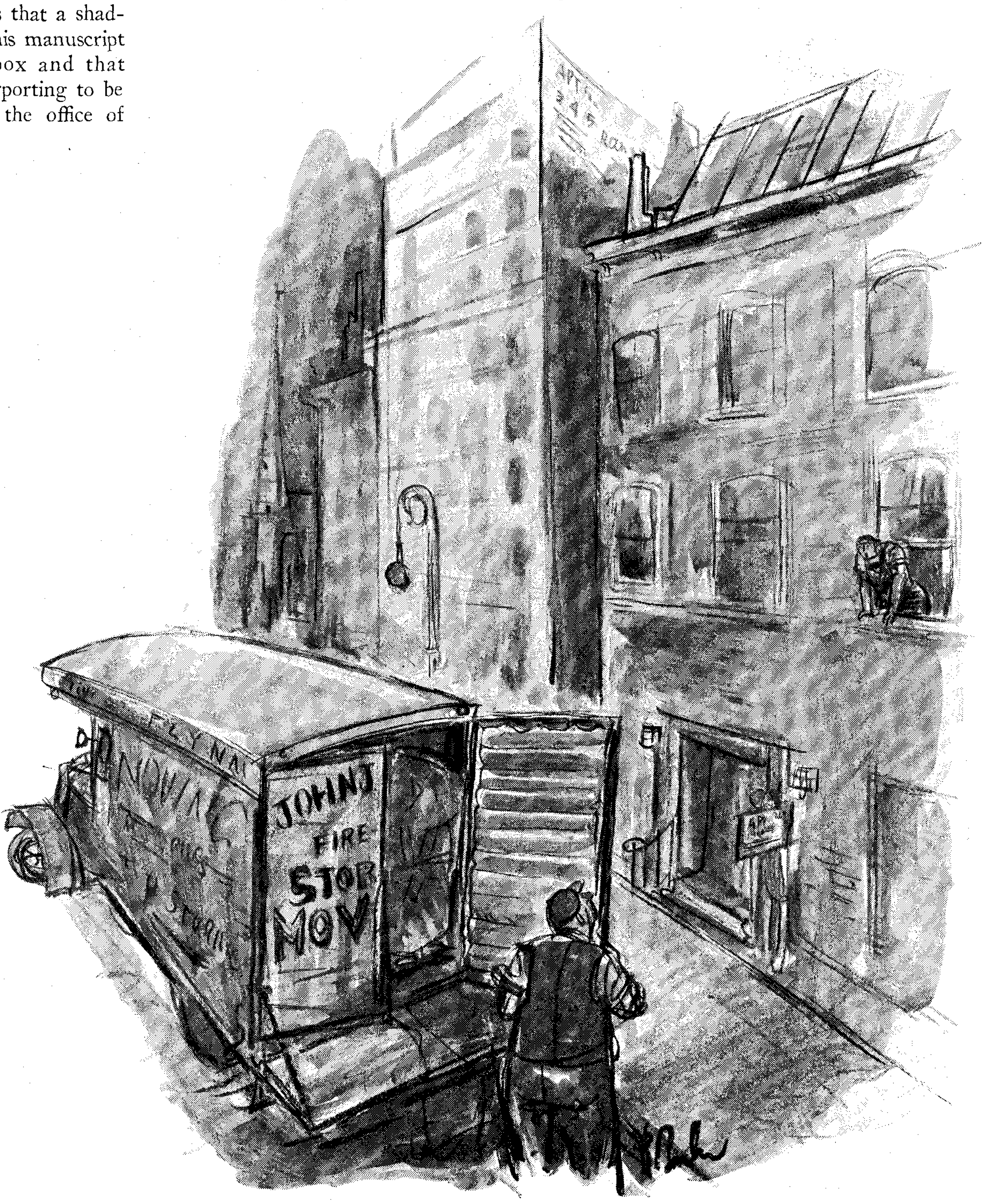
In fact, the chief objection to Hoover is based upon what certain groups think he is liable to do, rather than upon what he has done or is doing. Remembering his sturdy service in Palmer's radical-baiting orgy, the pinks and some liberals shudder in apprehension lest another purge be launched. One hears in Washington that Hoover has secret dossiers on all left-wingers and is just awaiting a chance to clap them in concentration camps. Hoover pooh-poohs such stories. In discussing them, he points out that the Sedition Act has long since been repealed and that it is now anyone's privilege to advocate overthrow of the government, so long as no overt act is committed. He doesn't believe that the law should be so broad-minded, but says that as long as it is, he considers it no business of his to gather evidence on agitators, and insists that he has not done so. The supposed secret dossiers, he says, do not exist. Privately, Hoover is frankly disturbed by Communist activities, particularly on college and university campuses. "Youth is unable to evaluate such theories properly," he says. He reminds those who consider propagandizing of small importance that Czolgosz, President McKinley's assassin, received his anarchistic training at the feet of Emma Goldman, whom many thought harmless. He would view with favor the passage of legislation making the advocacy of violent revolution a crime in itself, "provided," he says, "the rights of free speech and assembly, the right of labor to strike, and similar rights, are fully protected." The right of free speech, in his opinion, does not embrace the right to advocate wholesale killing and destruction of the government.

The American Civil Liberties Union has long kept its eye on Hoover but has never once caught him in the act of abridging anyone's sacred rights. Yet there remains an undercurrent of feeling that somehow he is doing something to undermine the citadel of liberty. Washington newspaper correspondents are, in general, hostile to him because of a similar vague feeling. A few assert nervously that they have even more specific reasons. One, who represents a Middle-Western paper, swears that while he was gathering material for an article on Hoover, which Hoover knew would be unfavorable, he was shadowed. Another is similarly positive that he, too, was followed while he was preparing an article on Hoover for a magazine. This one says that a shadower watched him post his manuscript in a Washington mailbox and that next morning a man purporting to be from the F.B.I. visited the office of the magazine, in New York, and asked to see the manuscript. Hoover vehemently denies the allegations of both writers and insists that he has never had any writer shadowed. When the subject is brought up, he makes a point of recalling that the morbid fear that one is being followed is a classic instance of pathological behavior.

It is a favorite gibe among those in Washington who consider Hoover a menace to civil liberties to point out a sardonic coincidence in the exterior ornamentation of the Department of Justice Building. The building is ribanded with graven sayings, and the sayings are divided up, with more regard for physical proportion than for rhetoric, into phrases, which are spaced far apart. Almost directly beneath the windows of Hoover's office is the phrase "No Free Government Can Survive That." At a casual glance, the phrase seems to be a complete sentence. The eye has to travel a considerable distance before discovering it to be incomplete and the rest of the saying to be "Is Not Based on the Supremacy of Law."

Hoover is unpopular on other counts, too. Hostesses in Washington think him a cold fellow because he invariably pleads another engagement or the press of business when invited to their affairs. His private explanation is that he gets little time for diversion and prefers to spend it with a few bachelor cronies. They attend baseball games and wrestling matches and go off on fishing trips. Besides, he does not like big parties. The only social events he goes to are the receptions given by his superior, the Attorney General. Now and then Hoover is invited to the White House for luncheon and, of course, he accepts, but he is not on the regular White House social list.

Many Washington men dislike Hoover because he seems to lack the traditional male vices. His reputation is spotless, his private life impeccable. He is occasionally seen at a bar, but he never takes more than one drink. In the F.B.I. there are strict rules on the use of liquor. Drinking while on duty is forbidden, except in cases in which abstinence might direct undue attention to an



*"Hold 'er, Mac!
She's found another closet."*

agent or arouse hostility in a prospective informant. Off duty, an agent may drink but may not get drunk. During the prohibition era, Hoover forbade his men to drink at all, on duty or off, because he considered it unethical for a man engaged in law enforcement to violate a law. A considerable number of the agents thought this view too ethical and continued to drink, discreetly. This practice gave rise to an intramural joke, which is still told when agents gather together, to the effect that when an agent's thirst got the better of him in the dry days, he went to his hotel room, drew the curtains, and locked the door. Then he hung his coat on the doorknob, to cover up the keyhole, closed the transom, turned out the light, and crawled under the bed. Having taken his drink, he crawled out and turned on the light. Then he stood before the bureau, glared at his image in the mirror, and said defiantly, "You're a liar. I did not."

With Hoover, ethics is a passion. For a short period in the early thirties, the prohibition-enforcement unit was attached to the Department of Justice as a brother bureau to Hoover's. During this period Hoover testified before a Congressional committee that agents of his bureau were forbidden to tap telephone wires to obtain evidence because he considered the practice unethical. This was a big surprise not only to the committee but to Attorney General Mitchell, who was present at the hearing.

"Don't you know," asked the chairman, "that another unit of the Department, the prohibition-enforcement unit, uses the method which you say is unethical?"

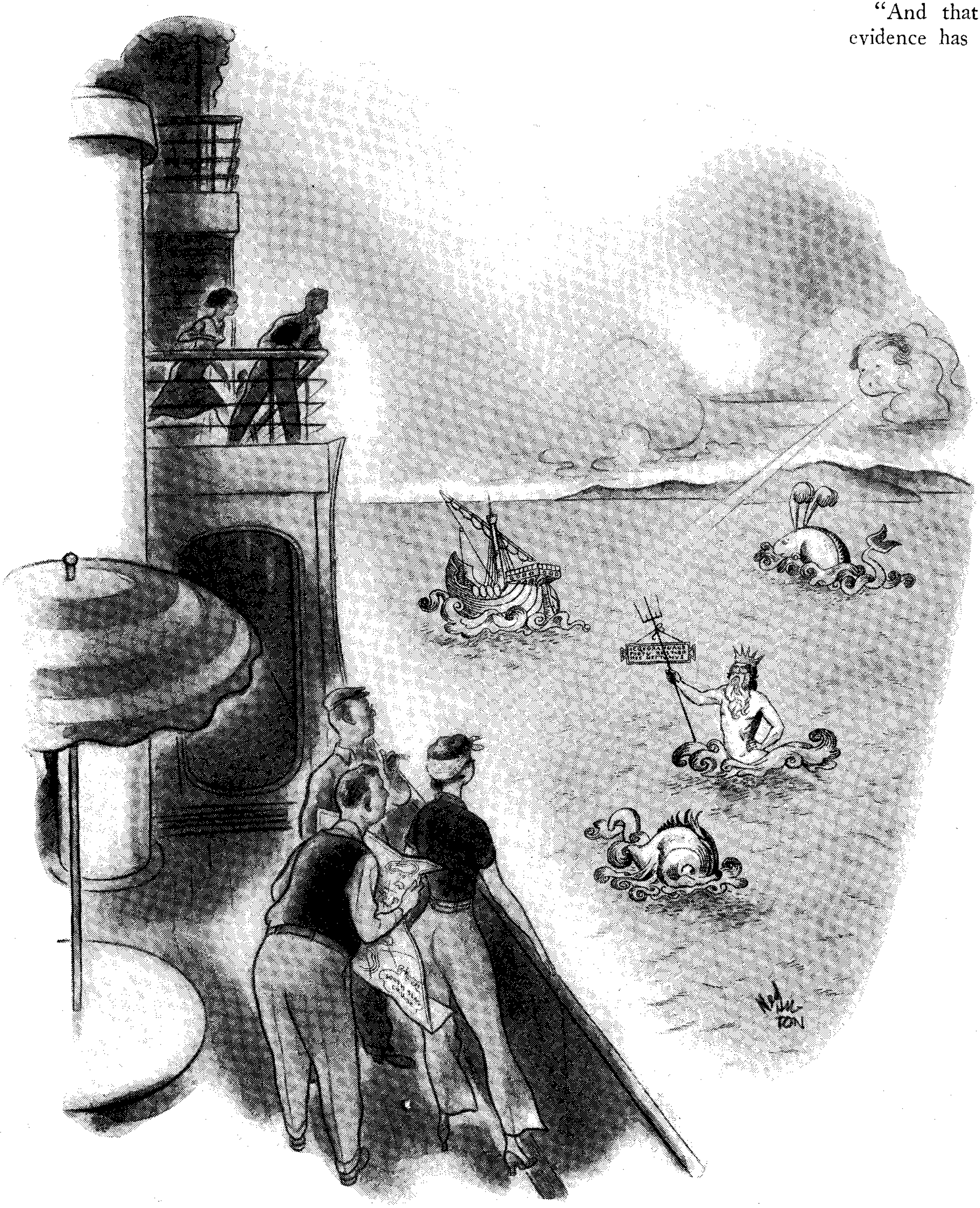
Hoover said that he did.

"And that wire-tapping to obtain evidence has been upheld by the Supreme Court itself?" continued the chairman.

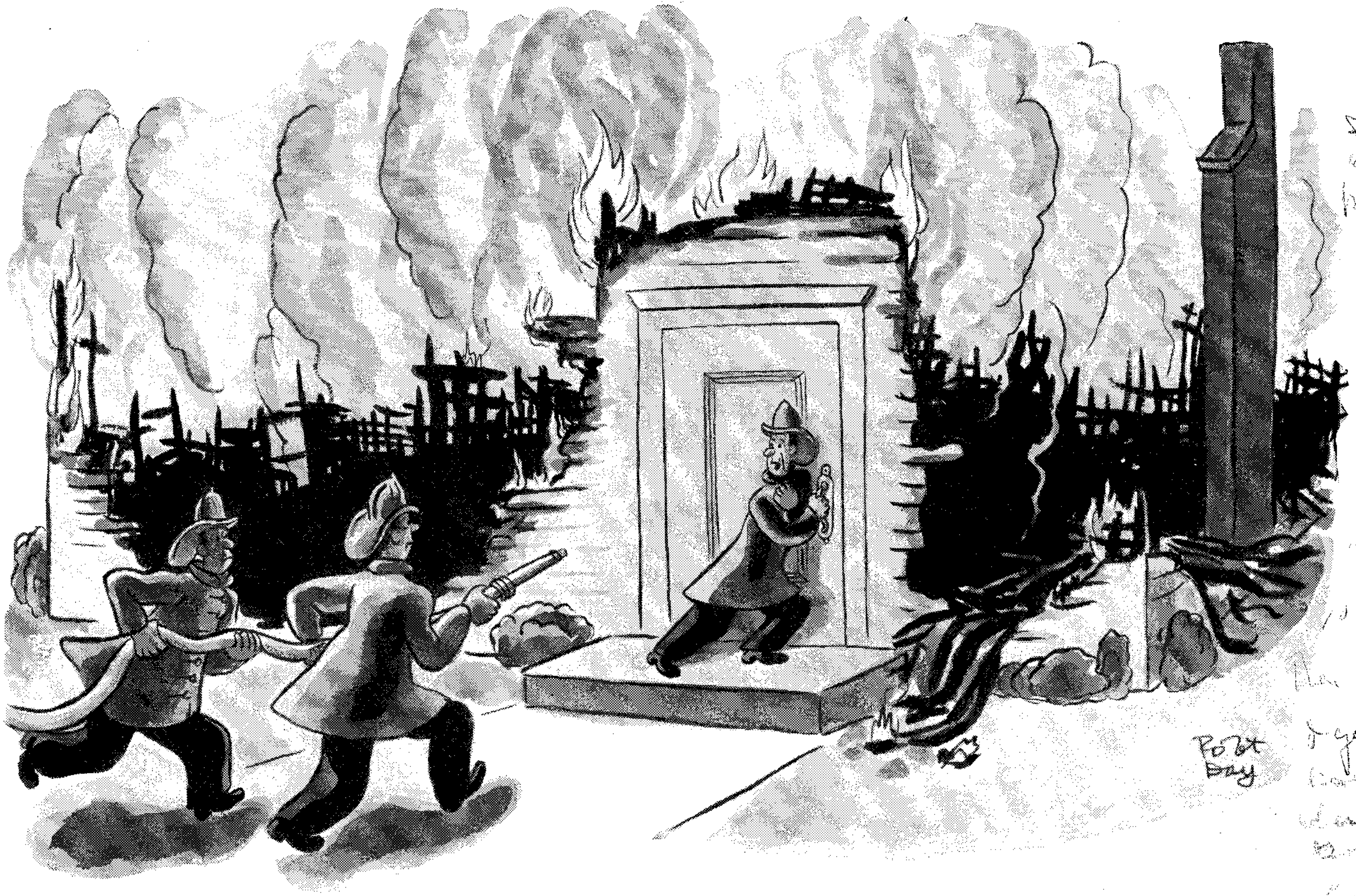
"Yes," Hoover replied, "but I still consider it unethical."

The distinction was too much for Mitchell. Nettled at the contradictory situation which existed in his department, he called Hoover into his office after the hearing had been adjourned and demanded a showdown. Hoover, with quiet insistence, stuck to his position, and the result was a compromise agreement. It was decided that wire-tapping was to remain forbidden as a part of the regular investigative routine of Hoover's unit, but was to be used in special cases in which agents could get vital information in no other way. In such a case the agent was to apply for special permission to tap, and the final decision on whether ethics might be contravened in the interests of the commonwealth was left up to Hoover. That is where the matter stands today.

In defending his insistence upon formal ethics, Hoover expresses sharp disagreement with the view that a man who is chasing criminals can afford to shade his ethics in order



"Right where they should be, according to the map."



"Some stupid ass has locked the door on us."

• •

to catch them. The ideal detective, he says, is not the rough, tough fellow with a crude sense of honor, but the clean-living, intelligent fellow with a strict code of honor. He insists that his G-men, in whom he is trying to instill his ideal, also be gentlemanly in appearance and conduct, and decidedly muscular. Wearing well-pressed clothing counts in an agent's favor, and each one is required to take at least forty-five minutes of physical exercise daily when gymnasium facilities are available. High officials of the Bureau are required to take exercise only three times a week. Hoover observes this rule by riding an electric horse, lifting weights, and swinging on parallel bars in the Department of Justice's gymnasium. Either by training or by nature, the average G-man is a greeter. He has a facile smile and his handshake is bone-crushing. There is something of the high-pressure salesman's manner about him. In observing the demeanor of the younger G-men one somehow gets an impression that they are just hoping that some ruffian will make a slurring remark about motherhood or some such sacred subject, so that they can thrash him or toss him into the gutter with a jujitsu flick of the wrist.

Hoover is acutely conscious of the fact that critics are inclined to gibe at what they call his "Boy Scoutism," but he is firm in sticking to his ideal. He likes to think that the criminal is a rat and that the G-man is America's answer to him. Therefore, he reasons, the G-man should be the best type of manhood America can muster.

"If an applicant for special agent is not the kind of man I would invite into my own home, I don't want him," he says. As proof that his "Boy Scoutism" gets results, he points to Department of Justice statistics, which show that the G-men obtain convictions or pleas of guilty in 95.6 per cent of their cases. These statistics show that police departments average only 35 per cent.

HOOVER'S unpopularity reaches perhaps its highest point in Washington political circles, for through three administrations he has resisted all attempts to make his bureau a dumping ground for faithful election workers. He has been sustained in this stand by Presidents in the face of loud protest from party leaders. Currently, Hoover's biggest foe in this respect is Jim Farley, who, according to Hoover's friends, has repeatedly tried to get henchmen jobs as special agents and once tried to have Hoover supplanted by a candidate of his own selection. Farley's candidate was the late Val O'Farrell, who ran a private detective agency in New York. Besides sleuthing, O'Farrell used to analyze sensational crimes for a New York tabloid. His articles were ghost-written, and frequently his analyses were so inept that the ghost disregarded them and analyzed the crimes himself.

Sheer envy of Hoover's genius for marshalling public opinion causes many a government official to hate him. Congress, fearful of appearing to be prodigal with the taxpayers' money, is stingy in doling out appropriations to most departments. For the F.B.I., however, the purse string is loosened, because it is risky for a legislator to appear to be hamstringing the G-men. The voters back home won't stand for it. This generosity to the F.B.I. is relatively new, for Hoover was once publicity-shy and his bureau was little-known. In 1928, for instance, he permitted the Washington police to take all the credit for the solution of a local murder, although his

[illegible]

40,000 traffic
150,000 murders

[illegible]

agents had been put on the case by special request and had solved it.

About this time, he went before a Congressional committee to make his bid for an appropriation, and one of the committee members cried angrily, "What? Are you back again asking for more money?" The member thought that Hoover was the head of the Secret Service, whose appropriation had been passed upon a few days before. The Secret Service, of course, is entirely separate from Hoover's bureau and is part of the Treasury Department.

There is no such unflattering confusion today. In 1936, the House granted Hoover an appropriation of $6,025,000, which represented an increase of $1,025,000 over the previous year. The Senate appropriations committee recommended a cut of $225,000, and when the matter was brought up on the floor, Senator McKellar, chairman of the committee and a persistent baiter of Hoover, spoke in favor of the cut. Senator Vandenberg arose and denounced McKellar as a miser whose parsimony would cause the threat of kidnapping to hang once more over every cradle in America. Vandenberg was triumphantly bitter as he contrasted this proposed Democratic economy with boondoggling in relief administration. While he talked, Democratic leaders gathered in an excited knot and decided to abjure McKellar's cynicism. Obviously, it would not do to permit the Democratic standard to wave on the side of the underworld. When Vandenberg sat down, one Democrat after another got up and lavishly eulogized the G-men and their work. After the echoes of the oratory had died down, an amendment embodying the proposed cut was defeated by a throaty roar of noes and the Senate voted the full appropriation. McKellar sat apart in Catilinian silence, shunned by friend and foe alike. —JACK ALEXANDER

(This is the second of three articles on Mr. Hoover. The third will appear next week.)

SAD SONG FROM SANCTUARY

Sweet are suburban acres when the laurel bursts its bud,
  And cool are country meadows when the summer settles down.
But there's something in October that is native to my blood—
  When it's Moving Time in Gotham, and my heart is with the town.

Yes, it's then the fever takes me
  To be packing, to be gone,
And the old nostalgia shakes me
  Like a leaf upon the lawn.
Oh, the sorrow, oh, the pity,
  To be settled all the day
While my sisters in the city
  March embattled to the fray,
While the timid tenants wonder
  If the paint is dry at *their* house,
And the vans come up like thunder
  Out of every storage warehouse.

I remember, I remember
How through all the hot September
  I would trudge the sticky pavements with a list of renting lore,
Trailing cards and cash deposits,
And investigating closets
  Till the Moving Men came knocking at my door.

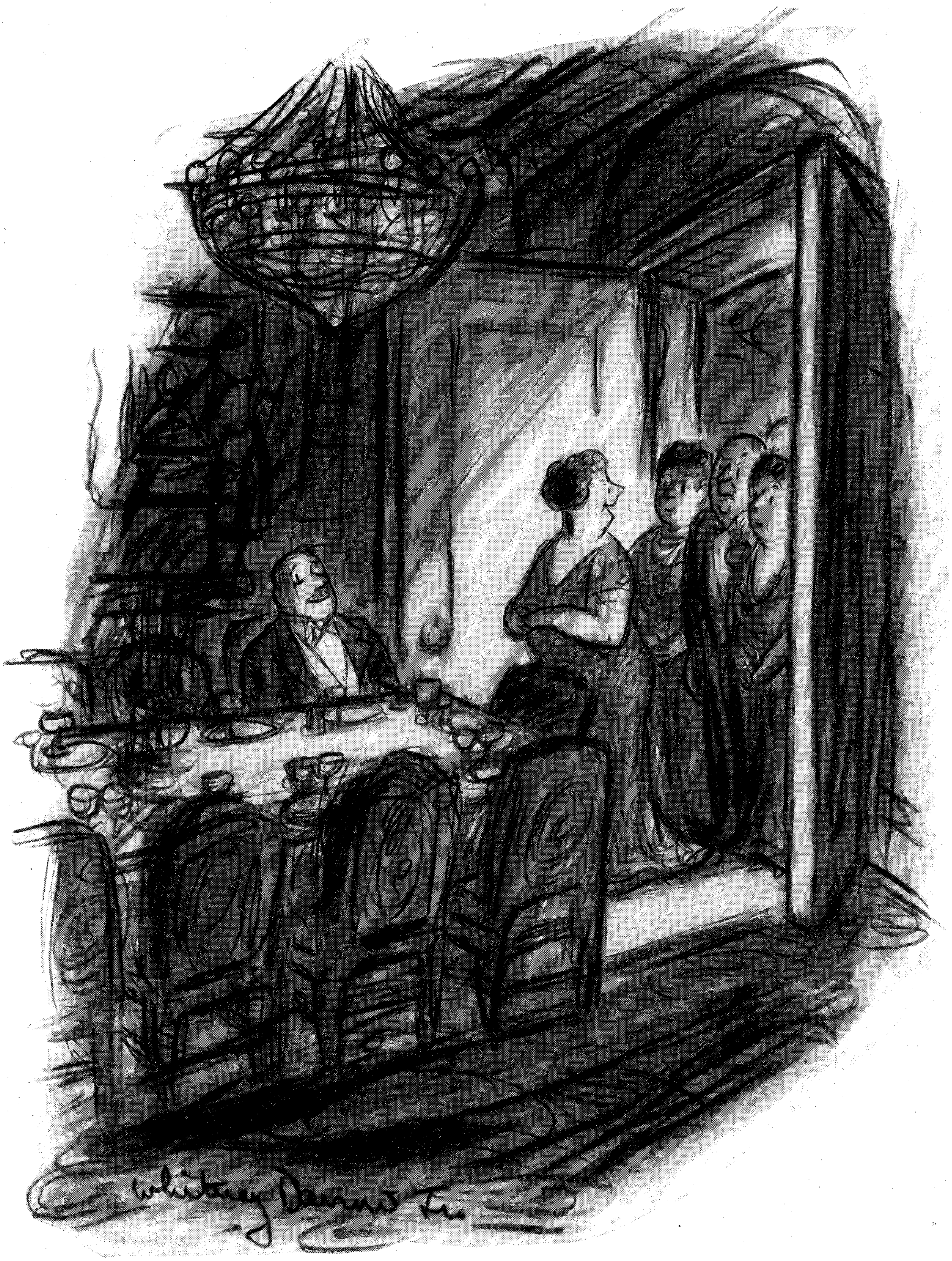
Then how lifts grew close and cluttered
  With my next-door neighbors' chairs;
How the old piano muttered
  As it skittered down the stairs;
How the lamps, like eggshells, perished;
  How the glass cracked in the stand;
How the bonded stuff we cherished
  Disappeared by sleight-of-hand;
How the driver lost the number;
  How the luggage came unlocked;
And unsheeted was our slumber
  On that joyous First of Oct.

Ah, tranquil are these country hours when sumac's all ablaze,
  When the frost is on the bumpkin and the truck with coal appears.
But it's then my heart remembers how it was in lustier days,
  And I tremble as I count them up—my worthy souvenirs.

I touch with wistful fingers
  The old, unfading mark
Which upon the highboy lingers.
  (That's the time we moved to Park.)
Those lines upon the table's face,
  These scars along the feet
Were fitly won at Sutton Place,
  Or was it Fiftieth Street?
They speak of glorious battle
  That stirs my spirit still.
From Beekman came this rattle,
  That scratch from Murray Hill.
'Twas in our Village moving
  The sofa lost its looks.
Now here I sit, improving
  My mind with garden books.

But there's something in me, spurring
  To be up and to the wars,
To be furiously conferring
  With the haughty janitors,
To be giving landlords warning,
  To be beating painters down.
For October came this morning,
  And it's Moving Day in town.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"*Oh, good! We have one left over from last night.*"

THE THEATRE

THE UNDERTAKER'S GARLAND

THE glory of Great Britain is often said to be her upper middle class, which is celebrated for a gentle, humorous charm, barely distinguishable from glue. Through the years and the efforts of her admiring playwrights, the typical English family of this stratum has come to assume a dear, invariable pattern. The parents are always vague; helplessly bewildered, it would seem, by the new freedom as exemplified by their offspring. This, however, is a delusion. Beneath the fussy exterior, there is a comprehension as old as Stonehenge, as broad as the Sahara. The sun never sets on the British father's capacity for understanding, and now and then it seems as if the curtain would never set on it, either.

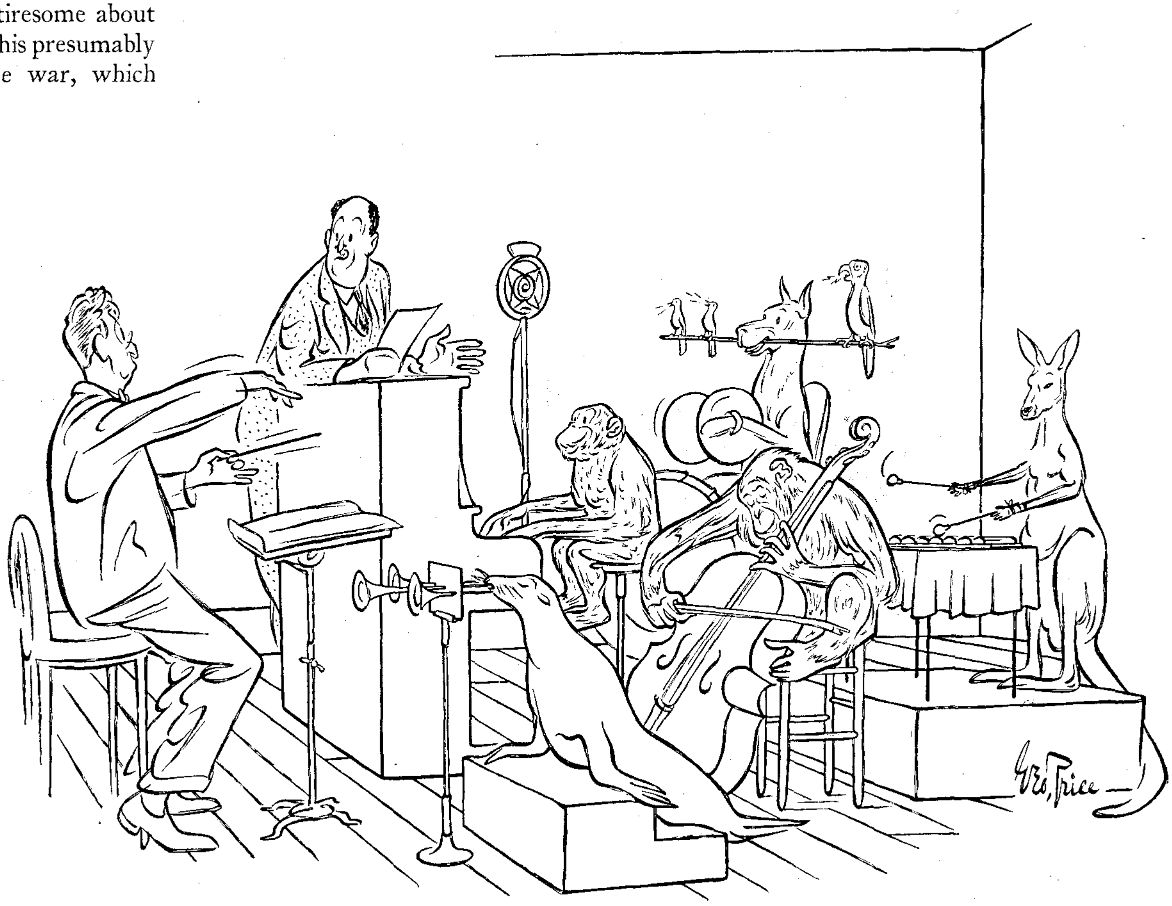
The children of these unions are handsome and well dressed, and, though in many cases their interest must be essentially that of the bystander, they are endlessly clear-eyed and tiresome about love between the sexes. This presumably may be attributed to the war, which shot casual conversation in the British Isles right through its Harris tweeds. In spite of their nervous preoccupation with sex, however, these young people are all right. They are *pukka sahibs*, as Mr. Kipling used to murmur from time to time. The servants are even more rigidly typed than their masters, running inevitably to Wodehouse butlers and cockney slaveys, and not the least endearing thing about the English playwright is that he has never lost his faith in the humor of the dropped "h."

Anyway, the great London public loves every one of these benevolent caricatures, and it will patronize any play about them until the leaves begin to fall from the ancestral elms on the backdrop. The production of drawing-room comedy over here, in fact, is probably still a matter of risk and heartbreak only because up to now no playwright has succeeded in standardizing our aristocracy. When the typical Newport or Southampton family can be shown as it is—eccentric, lovable, reassuringly simple beneath the platinum-leaf—it is fair to suppose that many nasty problems will be solved, including the class struggle and the future of the American Theatre.

"George and Margaret," at the Morosco, which brought all this up, ran for a full season in London, and it is so firmly of the accepted pattern that further discussion of it here can be omitted. Morland Graham plays the sympathetic father with traditional absent-mindedness; Irene Browne is nervously imposing as the mother; Gladys Henson contributes a really excellent bit of pantomime as a maid. The young people, all of whom seem for some reason to be playing the wrong parts, are Moya Nugent, Rosalyn Boulter, Richard Warner, Alan Webb, and Arthur Macrae, who may not be totally misguided in his impression that he is like Noel Coward.

IN "Blow Ye Winds," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, Henry Fonda and Doris Dalton are considering an ancient dilemma. Mr. Fonda, impersonating a Dartmouth graduate as rugged and verdant as the New Hampshire hills, wants only to be allowed to live quietly on his sailboat, while Miss Dalton, a complex and beautiful psychoanalyst, has her profession to think about. God knows how these warring aspirations ever came to collide, but they do, and so vehemently that the first thing the good doctor knows she has been seduced on a sandspit. This leads to marriage, for the protagonists are moral though impetuous, and thence to two more acts of earnest conversation, curiously lacking in theatrical guile.

Within its limits, which must be almost precisely those of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "Blow Ye Winds" has a modest charm, and it can safely be recommended to the pure in heart. Mr. Fon-



"You've got a nice act there, Fredricson, but I think you're just asking for trouble with the musicians' union."

PARTY: *Lavish with slices of mushrooms and heavy cream, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom will launch your formal dinner sumptuously.*

or NO PARTY: *Because it's so delicious and satisfying, the family will delight in it for lunch and for supper—party or no!*

WHEN A PARTY hovers just ahead you no longer need call your club or favorite caterer for a worthy cream of mushroom soup. The sumptuous sort of soup you want, lavish with extra-heavy cream and melting-tender mushrooms cut in dainty slices—such is *Campbell's* Cream of Mushroom. And remember, your family will love you for it, too. (And you have to live with them.) So why don't you keep several cans on hand and have it every so often, formally and informally, too?

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READ WHAT
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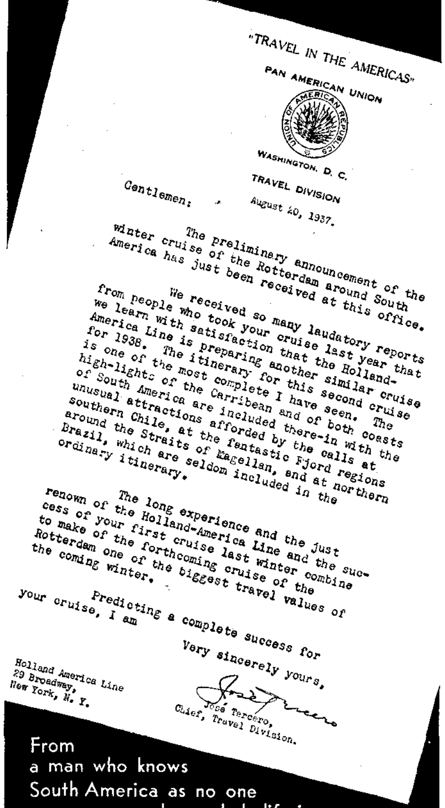
CHIEF, TRAVEL DIVISION OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION, *says about the*
2ND ANNUAL CRUISE
Around South America
of the famous cruising liner
S.S. Rotterdam



"TRAVEL IN THE AMERICAS"
PAN AMERICAN UNION
WASHINGTON, D. C.
TRAVEL DIVISION
August 20, 1937.

Gentlemen:

The preliminary announcement of the winter cruise of the Rotterdam around South America has just been received at this office.

We received so many laudatory reports from people who took your cruise last year that we learn with satisfaction that the Holland-America Line is preparing another similar cruise for 1938. The itinerary for this second cruise is one of the most complete I have seen. The high-lights of the Carribean and of both coasts of South America are included there-in with the unusual attractions afforded by the calls at southern Chile, at the fantastic Fjord regions around the Straits of Magellan, and at northern Brazil, which are seldom included in the ordinary itinerary.

The long experience and the just renown of the Holland-America Line and the success of your first cruise last winter combine to make of the forthcoming cruise of the Rotterdam one of the biggest travel values of the coming winter.

Predicting a complete success for your cruise, I am

Very sincerely yours,
José Tercero,
Chief, Travel Division.

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a man who knows
South America as no one
can—a man whose whole life is
devoted to travel in the Americas.

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URUGUAY • BRAZIL • VENEZUELA
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OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

da and Miss Dalton are radiant both physically and morally, and the boat which the management has constructed for their idyll looks strong and seaworthy.

IN the last year of the war, a Hungarian architect called Ladislaus Bus-Fekete (pronounced Bush-Fecketty, if this unlikely emergency should come up in your life) began to write plays, and since then he has turned out thirty of them. He was singularly detached in a troubled time, for while adjacent kingdoms split and their rulers died, he wrote industriously about the love affairs of princesses and servingmen. In his own country, Mr. Bus-Fekete is tolerantly known as "the backstairs dramatist," but it is doubtful if this agitates him unduly, because he has been successful, especially in Hollywood, which has paid him countless *pengös* (one *pengö* —17.49 cents) for the moving-picture rights to his valentines.

The first of his plays to reach Broadway is "The Lady Has a Heart," which is currently filling the Longacre Theatre with the faint, sweet smell of lavender and Graustark. It deals with the progress of Mr. Vincent Price, who must sometimes think a little ruefully of Victoria, from a simple valet to a member of the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies; and his mad, presumptuous love for Miss Elissa Landi as the Countess Katinka. The dialogue attending all this is rotund and stylish, and if the characters speak sometimes of the Rights of Man, they do so charmingly, and their remarks would not interest the Comrades.

Mr. Price plays the Hungarian Crichton with a sort of cheerful condescension, and Miss Landi is a brisk, imperious Countess. Her parents, the old Count and Countess, are given their fussy distinction by Lumsden Hare and Hilda Spong. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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The true interest of the New York Stock Exchange is identical with the true public interest. This, I think, is generally recognized.—*From a letter published by the Committee on Public Relations, New York Stock Exchange.*

It's generally recognized, only not everybody can put it so pithily.

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Bachelor*]

Mr. Vanderbilt, Jr., who is a scion of one of America's oldest aristocratic families, finds his greatest enjoyment in adventure and magazine writing.

THE
STARLIGHT ROOF

Leo Reisman
and His Famous Orchestra
•
DINNER-DANCING
SUPPER-DANCING
•
Alternating for Supper
RALPH ROTGERS
and His Tango-Rumba Band
•
Dances by
MARISSA
•
RAPHAEL
and His Concertina
•
Couvert From 10:30 P. M.
•
Ralph Rotgers Plays for
Sunday Night Dinner-Dancing
(No Couvert)
•
Reservations:
ELdorado 5-3000

THE
WALDORF ASTORIA

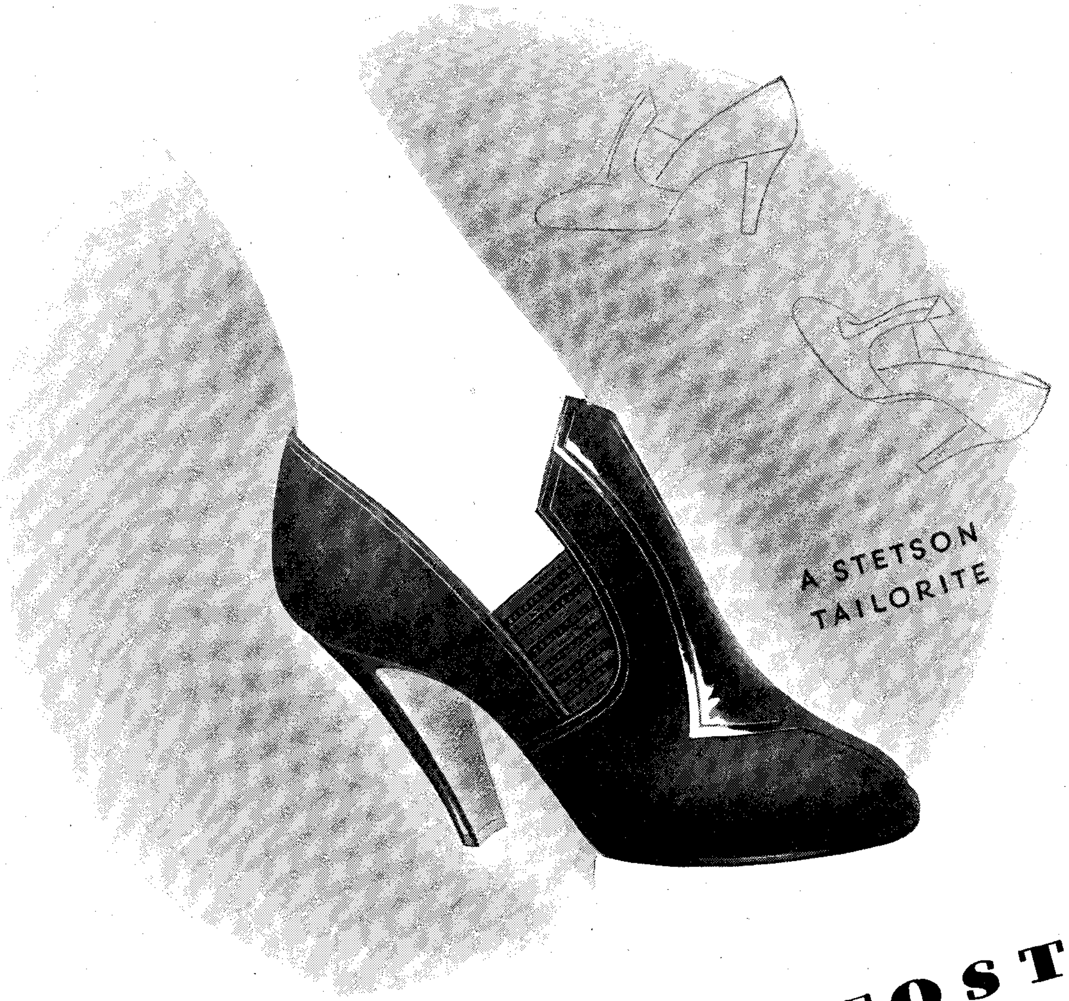
CHIEF INDIAN SUMMER ARRIVES AT POLAND SPRING

No Green Fees in October

Play free golf on a famous 18-hole private golf course, down fairways lined with flaming autumn trees. Or tennis. Or would you rather hike, swim, or sail? Enjoy Maine's Indian Summer at one of the renowned Poland Spring Spa hotels — on the 5000-acre Poland Spring Reservation.

Write for Information

MANSION HOUSE
POLAND SPRING, MAINE
Under Management of HIRAM RICKER & SONS



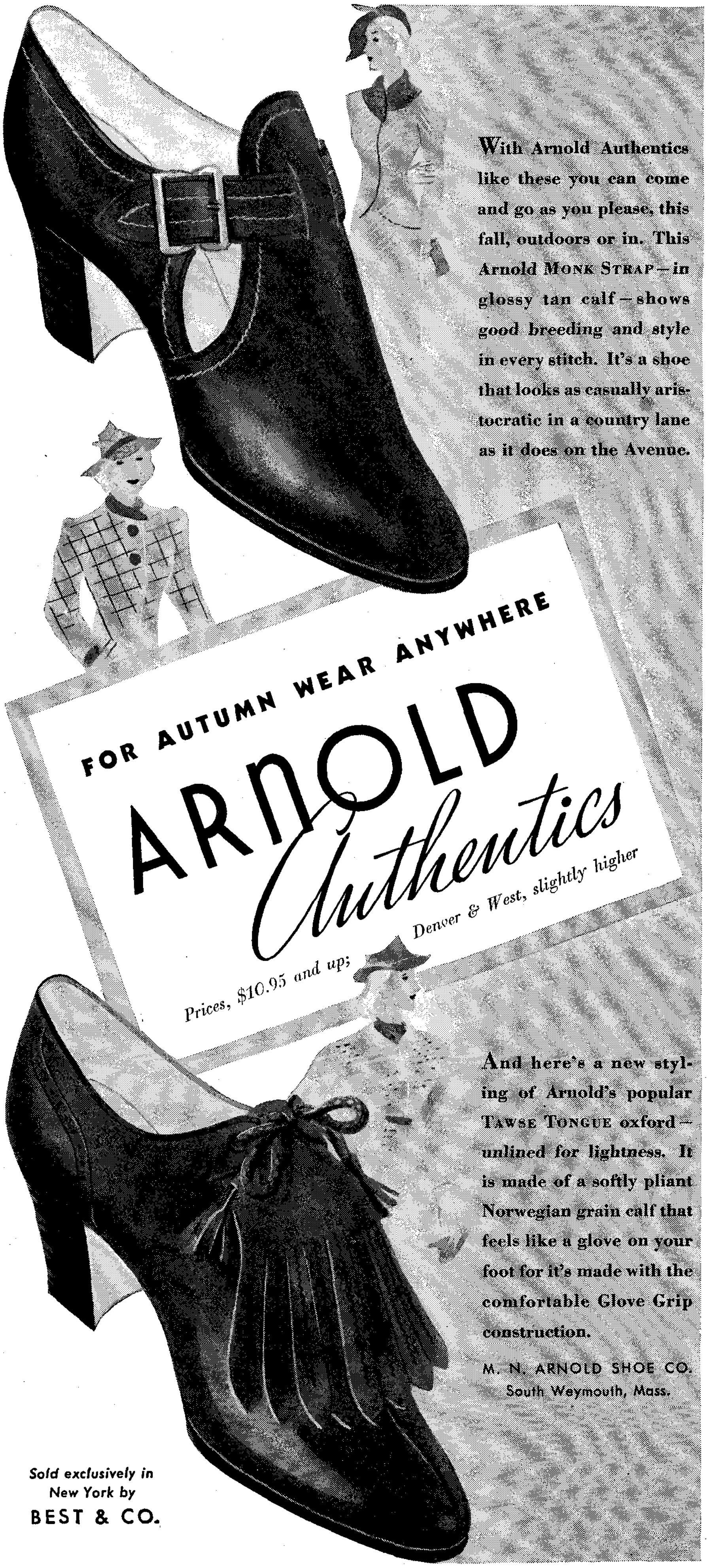
FASHION FOSTERS *the Higher Instep*

And *Stetson delights Dame Fashion with one of the season's most intriguing interpretations of this flattering mode. A sylph-like pump of dull black suede, smartly highlighted with a graceful trim of brilliant patent leather riding high up your instep, and a slender strip accenting the toe. Clever elastic sidegores mould it closely to your foot for sleek smoothness and snug support. Also available in dull satin kid with patent leather trim. See our other equally fascinating Stetson Tailorite fashions for daytime town wear! The style shown is* **12.75**

THE STETSON SHOE

Stetson SHOE SHOPS

New York:
5th Ave. at 36th St. 289 Madison Ave. 153 Broadway
DEALERS ALSO IN OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES


FOR AUTUMN WEAR ANYWHERE
ARNOLD Authentics
Prices, $10.95 and up; Denver & West, slightly higher

With Arnold Authentics like these you can come and go as you please, this fall, outdoors or in. This Arnold MONK STRAP—in glossy tan calf—shows good breeding and style in every stitch. It's a shoe that looks as casually aristocratic in a country lane as it does on the Avenue.

And here's a new styling of Arnold's popular TAWSE TONGUE oxford—unlined for lightness. It is made of a softly pliant Norwegian grain calf that feels like a glove on your foot for it's made with the comfortable Glove Grip construction.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE CO.
South Weymouth, Mass.

Sold exclusively in New York by
BEST & CO.

OF ALL THINGS

THINGS have not turned out as badly as was feared. The Japanese did not completely destroy Nanking, or the Legionnaires New York.

•

Americans who sympathize with China complain that the government's restriction on war supplies is aiding Japan. They say Roosevelt is keeping us out of war on the wrong side.

•

When the President crossed the plains, he found the farmers not interested in the Supreme Court one way or the other. All the corn-belters ask of their government is the key to the Treasury.

•

The city campaign is enlivened by an unexpected alliance between the Mayor and Borough President Harvey. Friends say it is a beautiful case of love at fourth sight.

•

When Farley leaves the Cabinet, he will continue as head of the National Committee and prophet of Democratic victory. In the hearts of his countrymen, Jim will still be Boastmaster General.

•

Incomplete returns indicate that Mussolini's visit to Hitler has aroused popular enthusiasm. We refuse to concede anything, however, until we hear how many tons of paper were hurled at the pair.

•

The Republican nomination of Rev. Lester Clee for Governor of New Jersey is an inspiration to youth. It shows what can be accomplished by industry, clean living, and the opposition of Governor Hoffman.

•

The State of Georgia is making plans to abolish the chain gang and modernize the entire penal system. We welcome Georgia into the twentieth century and hope she has a swell time.

•

The New York planetarium shows four different ways in which the world may come to an end. We optimists, however, believe that the human race will commit suicide before anything distressing occurs.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Finer Tobaccos ·· 1/7 More Tobacco ··

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
THE MODERN BLEND
PALL MALL
THE MODERN BLEND

mean greater smoking enjoyment

PALL MALL

THE MODERN BLEND

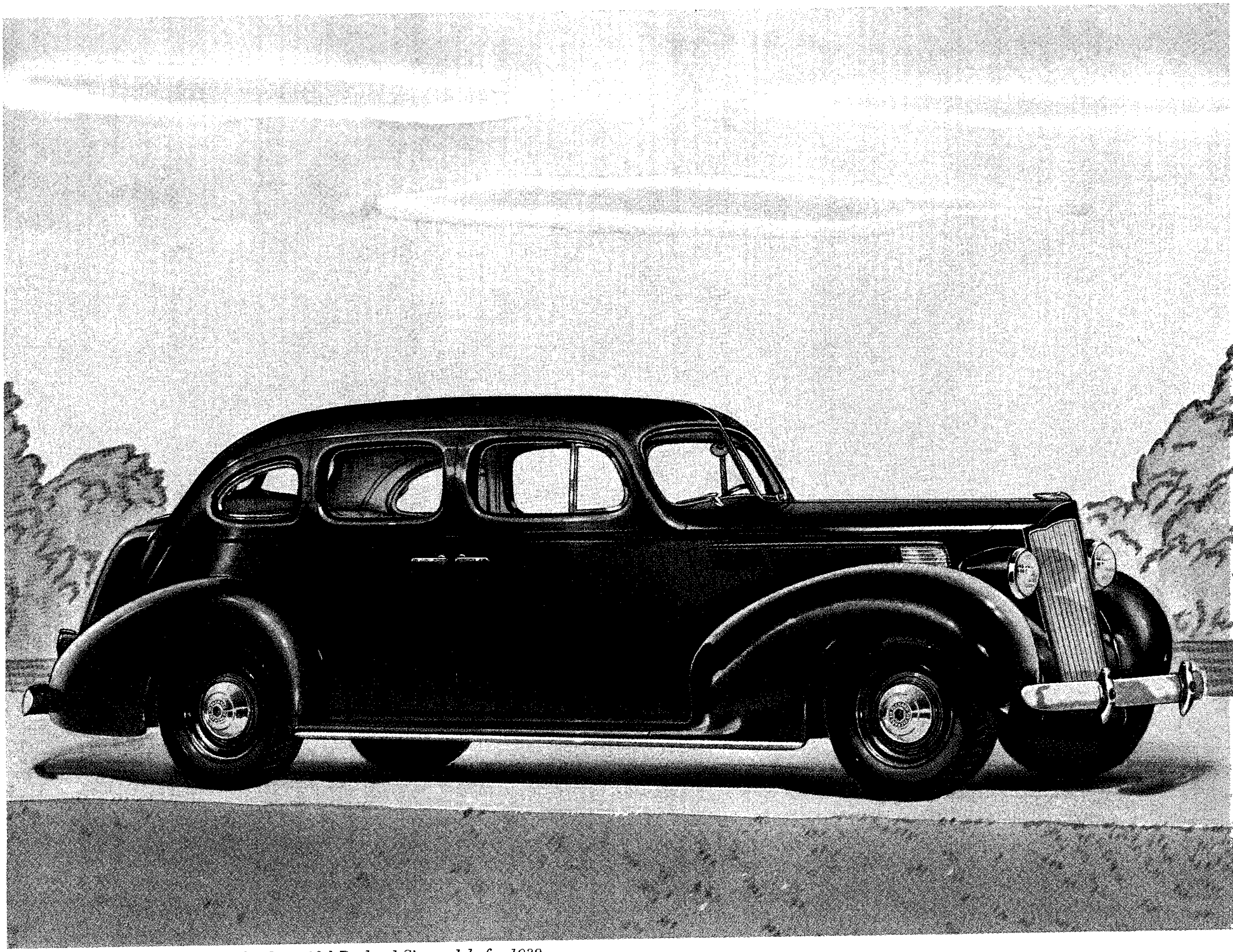
Pall Mall brings you the *natural* flavour of tobaccos so fine they *need* no artificial flavouring. Most ordinary blended cigarettes mix their tobaccos with licorice, molasses, some of almost 100 ingredients that may run up to 1/7 of their weight. In place of added flavourings Pall Malls bring you up to 1/7 more *tobacco*. You'll get extra smoking enjoyment from Pall Malls with Straight Tobacco Flavour.

They're Better... Naturally!

AMERICAN CIGARETTE & CIGAR CO., INC., MANUFACTURERS

15 CENTS FOR **20** CIGARETTES

Announcing the new 1938 PACKARD SIX



The Touring Sedan, one of five beautiful Packard Six models for 1938

. . . and no other 1938 car

INTO the new 1938 Packard *Six* and *Eight* have been crowded more really sensational improvements than usually come to light in a five-year period.

Below, in all sincerity, Packard makes you a series of promises that cannot be matched by any other 1938 car, regardless of size or price.

We promise you the *gentlest* ride ever built into a motor car; a ride that actually makes bad roads seem smooth, and smooth roads seem even smoother than they are.

We promise you the surest rear-wheel traction ever found in an automobile. Your Packard rounds turns as though it were running on rails, like a train. This vastly increased "sure-footedness" is the greatest contribution to safety since the advent of four-wheel brakes.

NOTE: *The foregoing promises are made possible by, not one, but THREE epochal improvements in the rear suspension. Working together, these developments produce advancements in comfort and safety that go far beyond the fondest drafting board dreams.*

We promise you that you need lubricate the new Packard *Six* and *Eight* chassis *only twice a year*—and then at only 15 points.

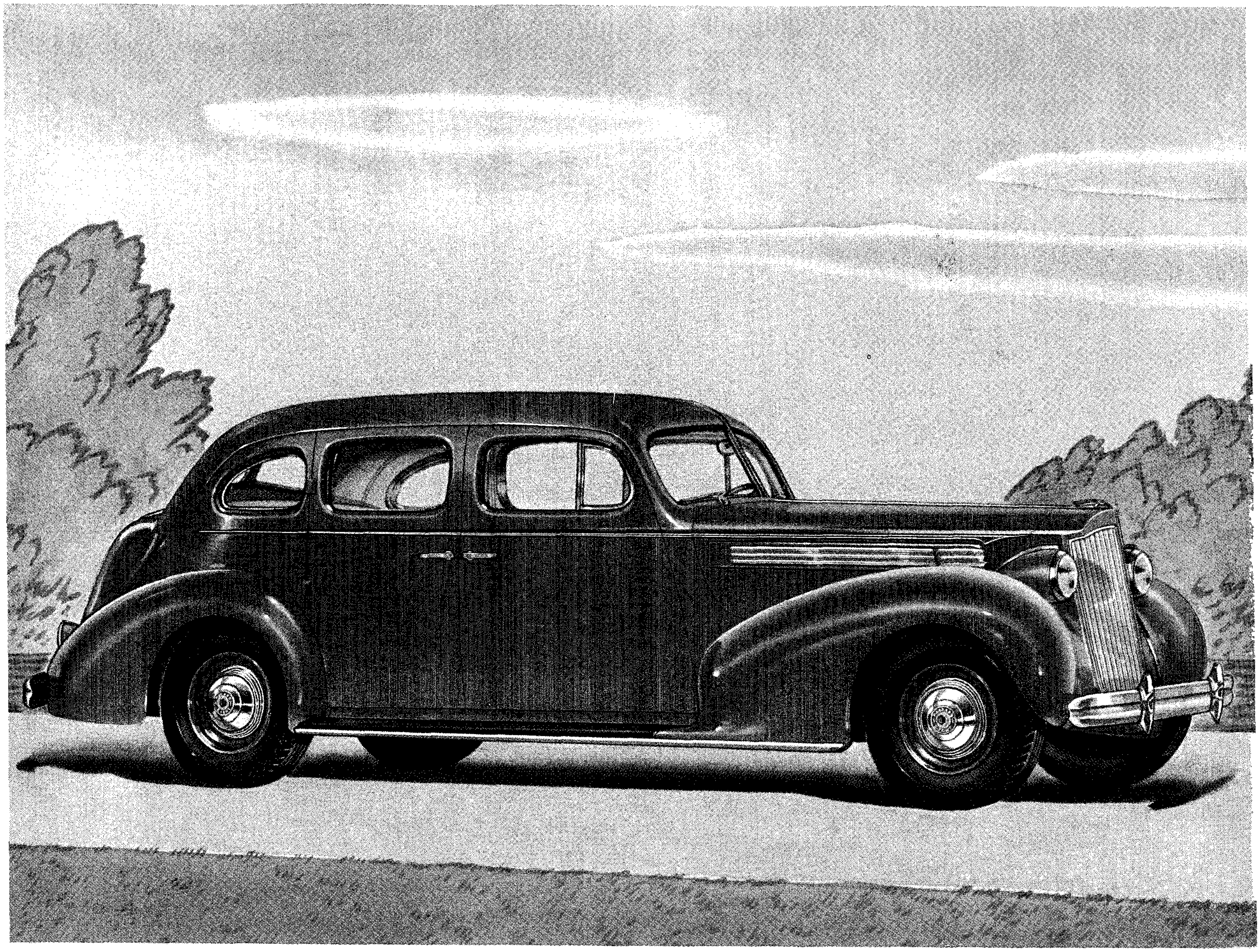
We promise you the first really quiet all-steel body with an all-steel top. Packard has discovered how to eliminate noises in steel bodies through long research in cooperation with a great University.

We promise you just about the roomiest cars of their respective prices you have ever stepped into. Bodies are far wider. The wheelbase of both the Packard Six and Packard Eight has been increased *seven full inches.* And the trunks are greatly enlarged!

We promise you two lives — long style life and long mechanical life, *and no other car can make this promise.* This year's

Announcing the new 1938 PACKARD EIGHT

FORMERLY CALLED THE PACKARD 120



The Touring Sedan, one of the nine beautiful Packard Eight models for 1938

can make all these promises

Packard lines are more smartly streamlined than ever, although they still proclaim your car a Packard, still guard it from early style obsolescence. And Packard's long mechanical life has been still further lengthened.

We promise you that there is no pride of ownership equal to that of driving the car that bears the most distinguished name in motoring.

We promise you that no other cars can equal these new Packards in all-around excellence.

We promise that if you can afford any new car you can afford a Packard; because, your present car will probably cover the down payment, and convenient monthly terms can be arranged on the balance. And in economy of operation and maintenance these new Packards challenge the *lowest* priced cars.

All we ask is the chance to make good on every one of these promises. Go to your Packard showroom, and drive one of these 1938 Packards. Test it against every promise we have made. Do it as soon as you can—and we promise you the greatest motoring satisfaction you've ever had in your life.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

AND WHAT ABOUT PRICE?

Naturally, you are eager to know how much these new Packards will cost, delivered to your doorstep. May we suggest that you visit your own Packard dealer, who will give you the exact local price on whatever model you are interested in, and show you how easy it is to own one. *This much we can assure you, these new Packards are the greatest dollar value in Packard history.*

* * *

Each Tuesday night at 9:30 E. S. T. over the NBC Coast-to-Coast Red Network, Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth have as their guest one of the topmost stars of radio, stage or screen. Don't miss Packard's big star-studded full hour show.

"Raleigh Room"—Hotel Warwick, New York

Photographed Direct in Color by Powers

CAPTURED COLOR

A. J. Powers Esq.,
Dear A. J.:
Until I painted the Raleigh Room, my ~~ex~~ acquaintance with your color work dates back to days when the camera was only able to get 25%, the remainder was subject to the color feeling of the individual engraver.
The results of POWERS DIRECT COLOR PROCESS more than amazed me! They have succeeded in getting the FEELING of the room as well as the FACT. An artist could ask for no more.
Dean Cornwell

A POWERS' direct color reproduction holds everything the camera sees. For in POWERS' studio there is skill *behind* the camera—skill to transform a mere photograph into a picture that has all the detail and reality of the original—an illustration that has *life* and *sparkle*. This is what has given POWERS' reproductions their high reputation among advertisers and agencies.

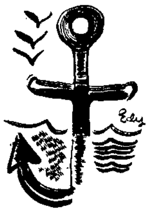
If it would interest you to see the unusual equipment which makes it possible for us to produce fine plates more quickly and at lower cost to you, we will welcome the opportunity to show you through our plant.

POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION
TWO HUNDRED FIVE WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET · NEW YORK CITY

OUT OF TOWN

The Inside Route—Guns West

THE Intracoastal Waterway, or Inside Route, from Jersey to Miami was completed last year, but few except boat-owners have ever seen it in entirety. People know vaguely that it is now possible to go by boat most of the way to the tip of Florida without touching the open ocean, but no regular passenger-carrying steamer makes the whole trip. The yachts and cruisers which summer in the North and winter in the South make the journey down in the fall and back in the spring, and so do the neat and sturdy boats which sportsmen charter for big-game fishing off the coasts of Long Island, New Jersey, and Florida. Heretofore it has been possible, if you could get in touch with the captain of one of these boats, to arrange passage down the Waterway, but until this year no one has come forward to introduce you to the captains. Now Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt of Tramp Trips, Inc., at 44 Beaver Street, has taken on the job. Beginning this week, and continuing until about the middle of November, at least one boat will be leaving the New York area daily for some Florida port, and if you're willing to let your dates remain somewhat flexible, Mr. Hyatt can book you.

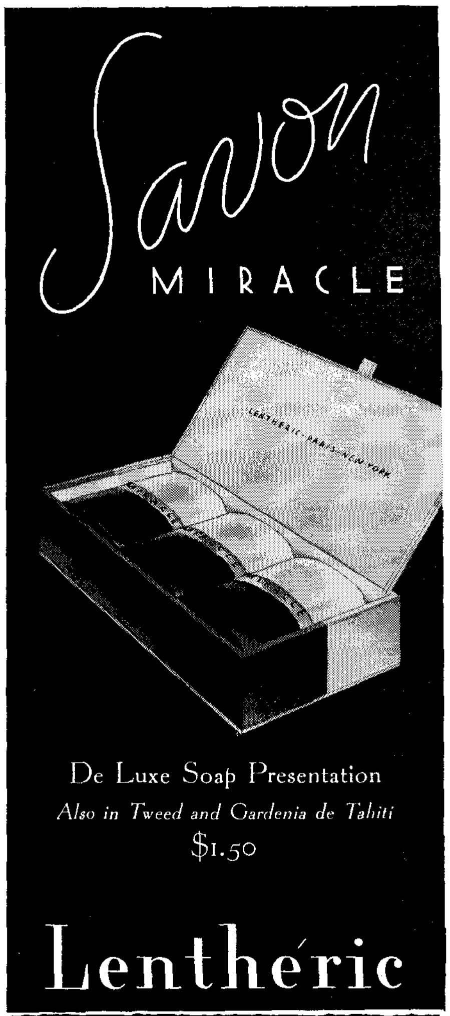


The trip to Miami takes about fifteen days and costs, roughly, around $100 a person. The boats, which are owned by their skippers, vary in size. In general, each has a roomy cabin with spring berths and a dining table, a large cockpit with swinging easy chairs, and a fisherman's "pulpit" in the bow. Unless you make special arrangements, your food, which is included in the fare, is that of the captain and mate—plentiful and good, but not fancy. Some of the boats can take only two passengers: two men, two women, or a married couple. Many of them can take four, but usually all four must be in one cabin. Single ladies are put on a boat whose captain is married and takes his wife along. The captains require references; after all, they have to see quite a bit of you for two weeks. On the other hand, Tramp Trips makes it possible, if you're in this vicinity, to shop around among boats and captains. When you're all set, the boat will pick you up at any port, within reason, in New York or New Jersey. Stopping and starting hours, and ports of call or layover for the night, are up to the captain, unless you have reached an agreement beforehand. That can be done. A party of friends can charter a boat and do pretty much what they want. Such an arrangement, with four people, should cost somewhere around $700 for a fifteen-day trip, including special food and an extra chef.

There are also more commodious ships on Mr. Hyatt's docket. To mention two, there's an eighty-five-foot houseboat, with three double cabins, each with a private bath, ready for passengers to Miami; and a sixty-seven-foot ketch with an auxiliary engine, which is to go to Nassau in November. The latter can take fifteen men in a dormitory and three women in private staterooms. The rates have to be discussed. Incidentally, all money transactions are made directly between you and the captain of your boat.

Some time in the future, it is planned, there will be a canal in northern New Jersey which will connect New York with the beginning of the Waterway. At present, leaving from here, there is no way of avoiding open water until you reach Manasquan Inlet, twenty-three miles from Sandy Hook. From there, it's straight, government-marked, protected sailing through canals, inlets, bays, and sounds, through every variety of scenery, for nearly fifteen hundred miles. In strong northeasterly winds, not all the route is of millpond stillness, by any means, but the smallest boat seldom runs into difficulty; as a matter of fact, the trip has been made by canoe. On your way, convenient for stopovers if you don't prefer the smaller towns, lie Baltimore, Annapolis, Newport News, Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, and all the east-coast beaches of Florida.

IN its first year of existence, Sun Valley Lodge, near Ketchum, Idaho, has had two rôles: winter resort and dude ranch. Now, as a hunting lodge, it has been given a third. There is hunting of sorts in the immediate vicinity of Sun Valley, but the real areas for game lie to the north and west, and are reached from the Lodge by car and pack train. This year there has been an unusual open season on elk in counties which are generally closed, and the elk are reported to be plentiful. The regular season in the Selway Forest, Clearwater County, runs from October 5th to No-


Savon
MIRACLE
De Luxe Soap Presentation
Also in Tweed and Gardenia de Tahiti
$1.50
Lenthéric

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
Mix the tang of autumn with the tonic of the sea at these genial hotels. Ocean Decks. Seaside lounges. Restricted clientele.
LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
ATLANTIC CITY

Suites of Two to Six Rooms
FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED
THE Lombardy
111 EAST 56th STREET . . . . . NEW YORK
JOHN T. CRUICKSHANK, MANAGER

The Comely Crater Crown

Wise and winning are the ways of this Fall hat with its crown which rises high, then narrows like a crater at the top. It's a fresh new treatment, and a most becoming one. Note, too, the gold-metal and felt rings at the sides which bring in that much-talked-about jewelry touch. Wisest of all is the fine felt of which this hat is made—Mallory's Super Felt that has both good looks and longevity. Designed in black or brown . . $10.00.

MALLORY Super Felt *is used in our finest hats because we've found it best!*

PECK & PECK

New York • White Plains • East Orange • Boston • Chicago • Philadelphia • Cleveland • Detroit

Gardenia

Gardenia
CHARBERT

. . PERFUME BY CHARBERT.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE FRESHLY PLUCKED FLOWERS.

1.00 TO 27.00

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

CHARBERT

vember 10th. It takes about a day and a half to get there from Sun Valley. Guided parties will leave the Lodge for the mountain-goat country from October 15th to the 31st, when the season ends. Bighorn sheep can be taken only in three counties, from October 15th to October 31st, but Idaho is one of the few states that offer any open season on them at all. Pistol Creek Canyon, west of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, seems to be the favored territory. Mountain sheep aren't included in your non-resident hunting licence of $50. A special licence for them costs $25 and allows you one head. Both black and brown bear can be taken all the year round, the Middle Fork country being the area. Dog trailing is the best way of spotting them, and guides with bear dogs can be had at Sun Valley. Hunting of cougar, or mountain lion, requires no licence, and the animals are big ones; there are seven-footers about. These, too, are trailed and cornered by dogs. The state pays a bounty of $25 on each cougar you get, and most guides will guarantee at least one if you will remain for a week. There's duck shooting within thirty miles of the Lodge, and pheasant shooting within sixty. The top-notch blind country for ducks is on the Snake River and its tributaries. The duck season runs from November 1st to November 30th, and the bag limit is ten a day. Idaho prohibits more than three shells in an automatic or pump shotgun when used for duck.

It's worth remembering, even if you think you've had your fill for the season, that fishing goes on in Idaho into December. Trout, which have left the smaller streams and headwaters to gather in the deep pools of the main rivers, are generally taken on deep wet flies at night. Last year a twelve-and-a-half-pound rainbow was caught on the Lower Wood River in December. There's an October run of steelhead on the main Salmon River. —S. R. W.

●

You can't know too much about the Federal tax as it applies to your income. A little study may show you how to reduce your income 10%, 25%, or more. —*From "How to Beat the High Cost of Living."*

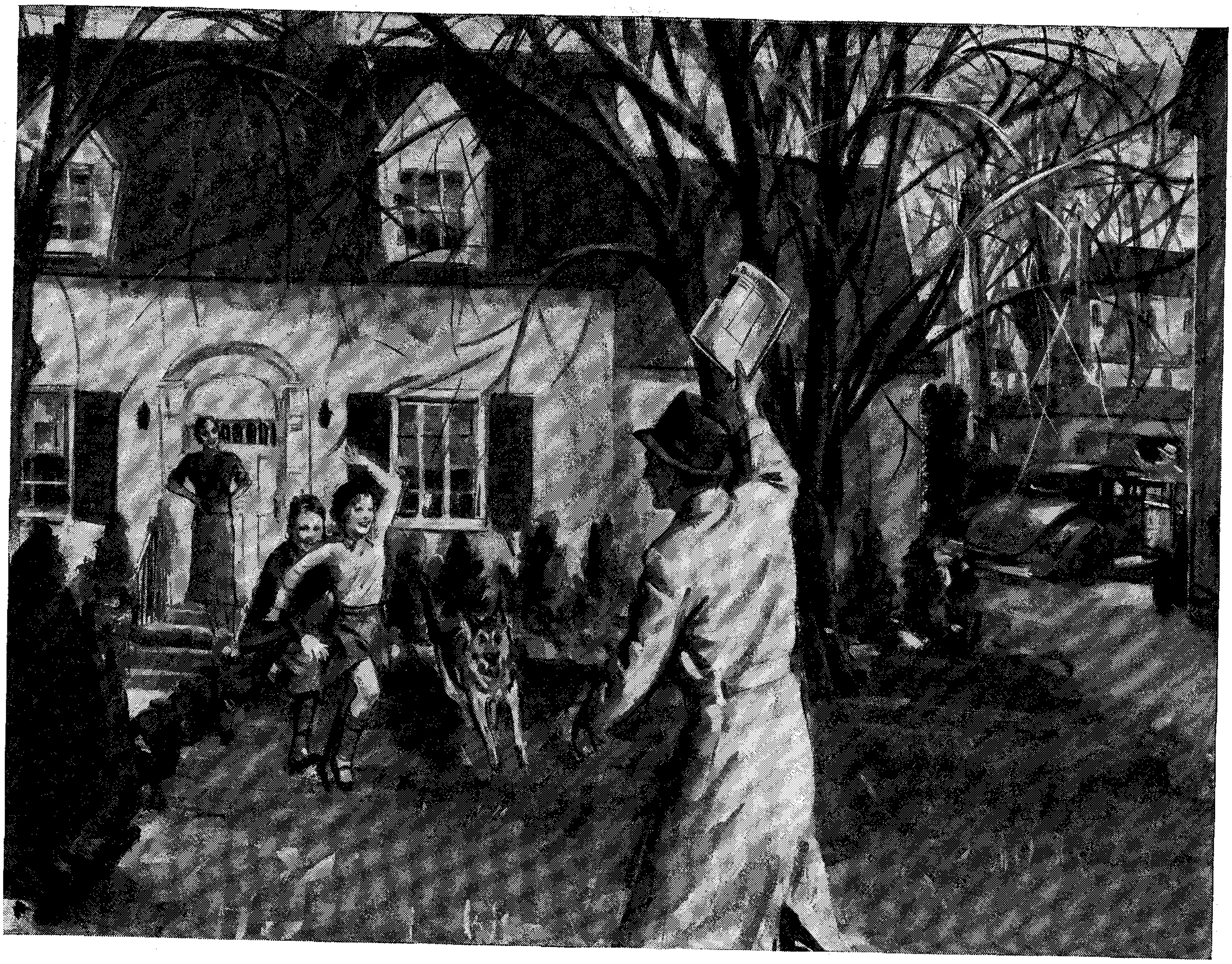
Study? Comes natural to us.

●

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story in Collier's*]

Directly after luncheon Baby Kitty, the famous child star, arrived in two limousines for a few group shots with the other children.



6 o'clock Drama

Twilight in Philadelphia—America's greatest city of individual homes—sets the scene for an impressive drama with almost every family playing a part.

The drama of a daily newspaper — The Evening Bulletin — being read by nearly everybody in a great American city.

Like a rising tide, The Evening Bulletin reaches Philadelphia homes. It goes into mansion and modest home . . . enters the dwellings of families of every class and income . . . draws interest from the entire household. Late of evening it may be found in sections about the home—a *family-read* newspaper.

Such vast acceptance of a daily newspaper has been described by some newspaper publishers as "an outstanding achievement in the field of American journalism."

And fortunate it is for the manufacturer of a product for the home that such a newspaper exists in a city with more *single-family homes* than any other American metropolis. It gives him almost complete coverage of the nation's greatest home market in a single newspaper—at one of the lowest advertising costs per reader in the United States.

The Evening Bulletin is read by 78.9% of Philadelphia families of every income; 89% of families with incomes of $3,000 or more; 94% of families with incomes of $10,000 or more.*

The Bulletin's average daily circulation, 521,057 for 1936, is all net paid. For fourteen years it has exceeded a half-million. It far exceeds the circulation of any other Philadelphia daily newspaper—morning or evening—one of the largest daily circulations in America . . .

The largest daily circulation in America that has been obtained without prizes, premiums or subscriber contests.

If you manufacture a home product, we suggest that you ask your Advertising Agency about your opportunity for increasing sales in the great home market of Philadelphia through the advertising columns of The Bulletin.

**From a Survey of A. A. A. A.*

In Philadelphia . . . .
nearly everybody reads The Evening Bulletin

Copyright 1937, Bulletin Company

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, SEPT. 27

PARISIENNES DRIFTING BACK FROM THE LIDO ARE ORDERING LARGE BERETS WITH MEDIUM-HEIGHT CROWNS AND UPTURNED, FORWARD-JUTTING BRIMS. THE BERETS FROM AGNÈS, SCHIAPARELLI, REBOUX, AND SUZY ARE GENERALLY LARGE, OVAL SHAPES PULLED UP IN FRONT AND DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD. ANOTHER POPULAR SUZY HAT IS A CASQUETTE WITH A HIGH, CRUSHED CROWN AND A PADDED ROLL REPLACING THE VISOR. LOUISE BOURBON'S NEW COLLECTION INCLUDES A VARIATION OF THE CASQUETTE IN NAVY VELVET WITH A HIGH, DRAPED CROWN, AND A HEADBAND OF STRIPED RED-AND-NAVY VELVET RIBBON TIED IN A FLAT BOW OVER THE LEFT TEMPLE. FOR SPORTS AND TAILORED WEAR, MEDIUM-HIGH OVAL OR WEDGE-SHAPED CROWNS, UPTURNED BRIMS, AND SLENDER, PLIANT QUILL TRIMMINGS. COLORED FELTS ARE POPULAR. FOR EXAMPLE, ROSE-RED FELT, TO WEAR WITH A DEEP-PURPLISH-BLUE COSTUME; A BLACK VELVET PLATEAU BERET POISED ON A RUST-RED FELT SKULLCAP; AND OTHER COMBINATIONS OF EMERALD AND BLACK, DARK RED AND TURQUOISE.

V. A.

AND IN NEW YORK—

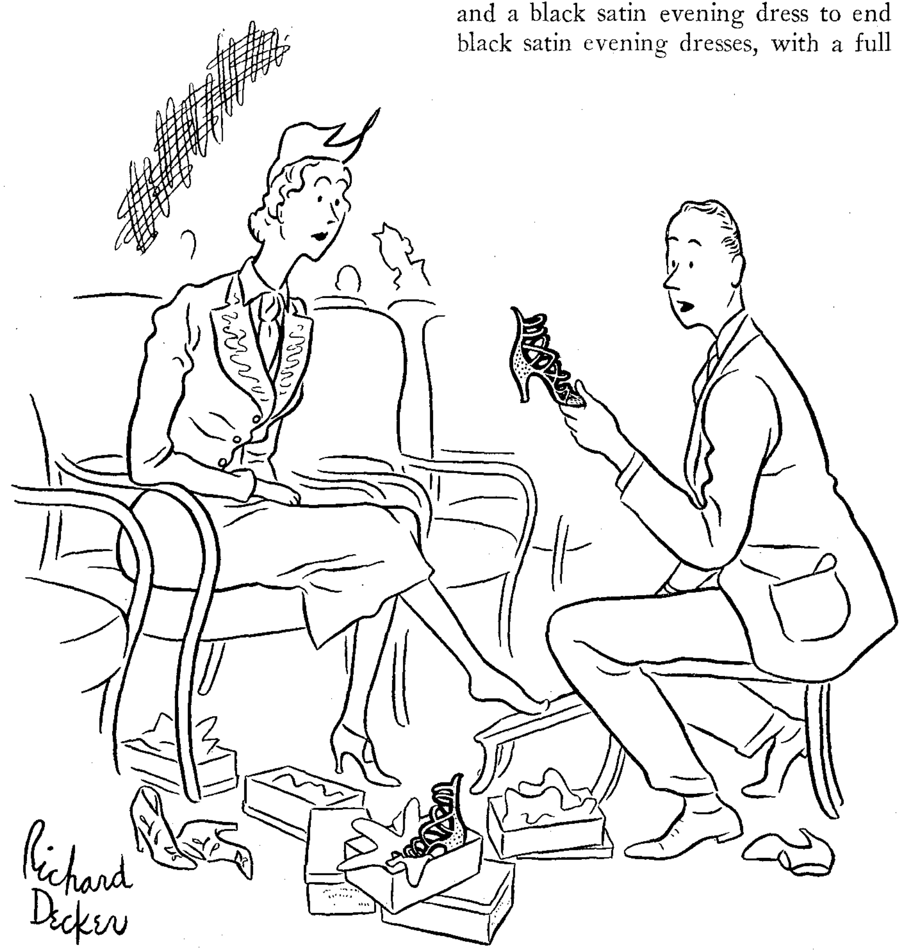
FIRST impressions, people are wont to tell you, are the truly lasting ones, but I find that a second, more searching look at the French clothes around town has created in my bosom a new tolerance, liberally sprinkled with chortles of appreciation. Sometimes I believe that my nature is essentially sunny.

Possibly the coats at Jaeckel had something to do with this mellowness of mind. Like a small child pressing a wistful nose against the window of a candy store, I viewed without malice treasures that never can be mine. The Persian-lamb-or-broadtail group includes Molyneux's straight, full-back coat, with its high band collar, and absurd bloused sleeves ending at the elbow. (Gloves with huge fur cuffs are supposed to remedy this deficiency.) There is Paquin's coat, with taffeta lapels and a taffeta sash weaving its way around the waistline; and Schiaparelli's, straight and knee-length, with arrows of black wool inset down the front, and a schoolgirl collar. The prize mink coat has a high band collar and falls straight to the knees, but it's sensational because of its weight, which is infinitesimal, and the way you can roll it up, like a sweater, into a small bundle.

You'll love those waist-length jackets, too: a Vionnet bolero with a rolled edge of fur, like your wrapper; Paquin's, which is wrapped tightly around the waist with a sash that is half taffeta, half broadtail; and the straight little jackets with bright scarves in gray opossum or in skunk ($295 and $285). As a protest against the conventional silver fox, Jaeckel offers blue fox, in jackets that are straight and collarless, and in capes with startled collars raring up in back.

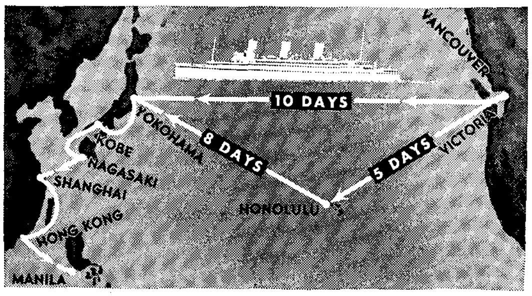
Monkey tricks: Alix's wavy circle of silver fox, which you can wear in so many ways—about the neck, nipped in at the waistline, and low on the hips to give the effect of a jacket on a plain wool dress; or huddled round the shoulders like a double banded cape, or whatever. . . . Paquin's short, fat, black mole jacket. . . . Yellow-beige mouton (sheep to you) forming a wonderful full-length sports coat with the waistline made slim by an inserted band of suède to match. . . . Sheared beaver, loose and casual, with wide shoulders. . . . Hair-seal coats with bindings and linings of colored suède. . . . And Lanvin's coat of black fox with a wide red suède belt, and suède bands nipping the sleeves in at the elbow. The most de-luxe innovation, however, is Himalaya marten, soft and honey-colored, made up into loose, hanging coats.

BENDEL went far toward soothing me, too. Lovely, chic clothes that are not circus stunts crowd the premises. For instance, Bendel harbors Vionnets—"typical" in their seamless, flowing, easy cut—that are good to see; black crêpe day dresses, full over the bosom, with long ends wrapped through the waistline and tied in a bow in front; simple wool dresses in soft off colors; a brown coat with a leopard scarf, belted in, which gives the effect of a vestee; and a black satin evening dress to end black satin evening dresses, with a full



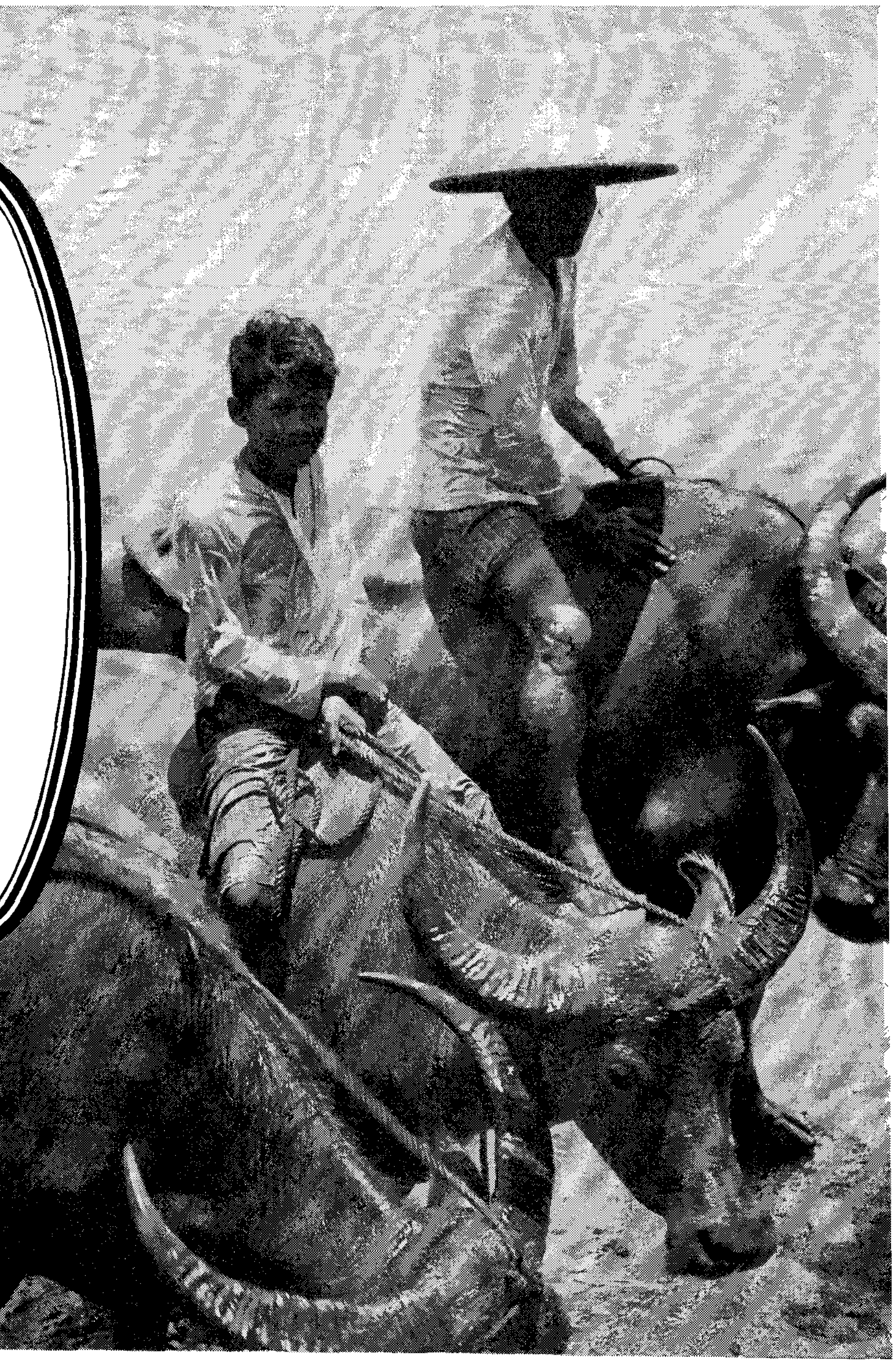
"I'll call our Mr. Binney. He'll know how to get into these if anybody does."

10
Luxurious Days
to the Orient

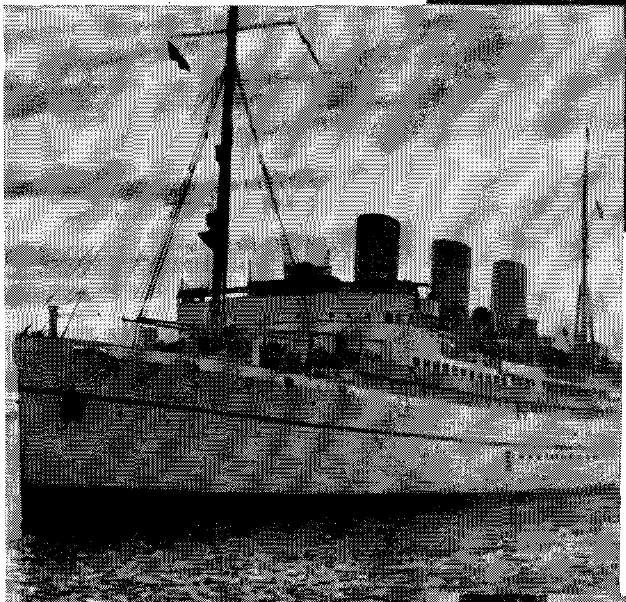


Speed in 10 days direct to Yokohama by ***Empress of Asia*** or ***Empress of Russia.*** Or take only 3 more days and see Honolulu by the record-holding ***Empress of Japan,*** largest ship on the Pacific, or ***Empress of Canada.*** From Vancouver and Victoria in Canada's Evergreen Playground.

Canadian Pacific



Filipinos and Carabaos are almost inseparable.



Empress of Japan, Blue Ribbon holder.

Go the "cruise way" to the Orient by the great *Empress* liners—holders of all records on the Pacific. The luxury and gaiety of these gleaming white ships are proverbial throughout the East. They will be your hotel in ports en route—your guide to the wonders of Eastern lands.

If you sail from California, connect at glamorous Hawaii —a regular *Empress* port of call. Stop over anywhere en route and continue by the next *Empress* a fortnight later. The entire trip—Japan, China, Philippines and return —can be done in little more than six weeks, including 15 days ashore for sightseeing.

For rates and sailings, see YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco, 36 other cities in United States and Canada.

Beauty is native to the Hawaiian Islands.

Taoist Priest in his Ceremonial Robe.

Vincent Astor
offers
A Choice of Apartments

East Side

120 EAST END AVENUE
Northwest Corner 85th Street Facing East River and Carl Schurz Park
10 Rooms, 4 baths ....from $4500
11 Rooms, 5 baths $5500
14 Rooms, 6 baths ....from $6200

530 EAST 86TH STREET
at Carl Schurz Park
9 Rooms, 3 baths............from $3300
10 Rooms, 4 baths .... from $3200

520 EAST 86TH STREET
at Carl Schurz Park
9 Rooms, 3 baths $4300
10 Rooms, 4 baths ....from $3800

SMALL APARTMENTS
In the Carl Schurz Park Section
East End Ave. at 82nd St. and 88th to 89th Sts.
2, 3, 4, 5 Rooms from $600 to $1320
6 Rooms, 2 baths, $1800

HOTEL ST. REGIS
Fifth Avenue at 55th Street
Charmingly furnished apartments of 2, 3, 4 or more rooms, from $3000 yearly. Also shorter leases at attractive rentals. Bedrooms from $150 monthly. Telephone PLaza 3-4500

West Side

305 WEST 45TH STREET
3 Rooms, 1 bath................from $600
4 Rooms, 1 bath ....from $780

105 WEST 72ND STREET
4 Rooms, 1 bath ....from $1200
5 Rooms, 2 baths $1400

ASTOR CONCOURSE APARTMENTS
1420 Grand Blvd. and Concourse at 171st St.
4 Rooms, 1 bath..................from $708
5 Rooms, 1 bath..................from $624

Ownership Management
OFFICE of VINCENT ASTOR
23 West 26th St. Phone BOgardus 4-2090
OR AGENT ON PREMISES

skirt that is all great puffy shells. At Bendel, too, you'll find those tubular Molyneux wool dresses with jackets over them—black velveteen over black wool, greige wool with a tuxedo collar of beaver over a greige wool dress, and one with a long, skintight jacket that zips up the front to a high Persian collar. There are very fine, trig Schiaparelli suits for more impudent daytime wear, and two dinner dresses that amused me to pieces. One, a tubular affair of black hand-crocheted material, has militaristic gold embroidery on the straight jacket of bright-blue tweed that goes over it. The other, which is of red broadcloth, has its narrow skirt slit to the knee at one side, and a buttoned Empire jacket whose braid-covered pockets come down on each hipbone. Paquin also offers a weird evening suit—a high-necked jacket, snugly buttoned, over a black bagheera dress. The skirt has inserts of fine pleats, and is day-length in front, considerably longer in back. Bendel shows hats with even the most formal evening décolletages—great, sweeping, nonchalant affairs that have enormous chic and a dash suggesting the champagne-out-of-the-slipper days.

Then there is a good deal of to-do at Bendel over the shoes of Greco and of the Belgian designer, Debusschère—a great name in Europe. The Continental charm of André Rouchaud, who presides over this department at Bendel, undoubtedly influenced my judgment to some extent, but the shoes are subtle and lovely in design, and feel perfectly wonderful on your feet. They weigh nothing, even the ones for golf, and hug the foot snugly around the top. I was told, moreover, that it was the lack of binding which prevented shoes with moderately long vamps from cutting my instep. There are beautiful long lines through the instep, and the proportions are so good that even a low-heeled shoe (there are several models for the street) makes your foot look smaller than it actually is. It can't be entirely the Rouchaud I-kiss-your-hand technique which makes you feel like walking instead of taking a taxi. (Facts of life: $18.75 to $45.)

THE ready-to-wear department at Hattie Carnegie has some offerings that seem special indeed. For those of you who have a nostalgia for the youthful comfort of summer shirtwaist dresses, there are wool dresses with hand-knit ribbing forming the modified turtle necks and the waistband which makes you look so high-breasted. Jersey, with raised, nubbly polka dots, composes a dress with a tailored belt and a taffeta or lamé scarf. Then there is a very lovely and perishable cocktail dress made of a brown net covered with round, dull-silver paillettes. The skirt is slightly flared, and there are white piqué collars and cuffs. For that day dress which you want to wear on into the evening, look at the black cloqué crêpe with seven strands of pearls attached to form the neckline across the front.

Tweeds for evening, by our manufacturers out of Schiaparelli, have their gay aspects. Carnegie offers two evening coats of tweed—one in flamingo, with a tiny, high kolinsky collar and a nipped-in waist; the other of lacquer red, with silver fox down the outside of the arms. Jay-Thorpe, among others, shows bright, fitted short jackets, with a band of Persian lamb down the edges, over trig black wool dresses. One, which you'll find at the Costume Bar, is a honey at $45. They also adore to combine the same bright-green and "shocking-pink" jackets with simple, slick evening dresses. I am one who thinks this inappropriateness very smart.

In addition, Jay-Thorpe is offering haven to several convenient costumes consisting of black wool dresses with jackets so trimmed with Persian lamb that they just miss being solid fur. Some have fur around the hems, and I love fur around hems, even when it is silver fox sweeping the ground below a slinky lamé triumph. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Patterns on the Floor

BY a happy coincidence, the stores seem all at once to be bursting with new household wares, at the very moment when people everywhere are looking their decorative schemes in the face and finding them full of holes.

I don't know whether there really are more new carpets and rugs about than usual in fall, or whether it only seems that way because of all the figured effects you see everywhere you go. Even Wanamaker, a store which ordinarily would rather shut up shop than make a rash move it might regret later on, has gone over to pattern underfoot, and has put on a display in the Home Store (that's the South Building) for the sake of customers who are toying with the idea themselves. Small and unpretentious though it is, this exhibition ought to be a help to hesitants in many ways, but chiefly because it shows, in merchandise groups and in color pictures, how room-size rugs of the more violent Victorian school will look in actual room settings, which is something else again, let me tell you, from the way they look in a decorator's sample book. In this little show are eight complete groupings of rugs and companionable curtain and upholstery fabrics, starting with comparatively mild baroque designs in pastel rugs and working up to a fine state of abandon in a rug called Flowers and Scroll, which has enormous bouquets of pink and blue full-blown roses, scroll-framed, upon a wine-toned ground. With this they show upholstery woollens in textured blue and beige, and a curtain linen repeating the rug design on a smaller scale and in another color scheme—pinks and reds on a blue ground. If you can take this one in your stride, you are indeed an adaptable creature, and may plunge without further doubts and fears into the brownstone-front type of décor which seems to be the furor of the moment in high-style circles.

F. Schumacher, too, has taken pattern-on-the-floor to its bosom. Walk through the fabric showrooms at 60 West 40th Street to the rear of the building and you will be confronted with a dazzling collection of rugs and carpets in which patterned effects almost completely eclipse the simple, monotone broadloom classics of the last decade. The queen of the lot is a twenty-seven-inch Bigelow carpet with a smashing Georgian floral design done on beige, so that the individual blossoms, brilliantly colored and each as large as a cabbage, stand out as if in relief. This, at $7 a yard, is perfectly beautiful; but don't lose your head over it, for such things are pure dynamite in all but enormous and architecturally perfect rooms.

Schumacher has plenty of patterned stuff for more modest interiors, anyway. The custom-hooked rugs in Perriwigg designs, for one, can be made up in any size, and couldn't be more charming for country houses. Possibly you will recall the Perriwigg prints brought out by this house last spring. The rugs, designed to accompany these cottons and linens, employ the same motifs and can be ordered (through your decorator, like everything else in the place) in wool or cotton, backed with latex to anchor the loops in a grip that ought to hold for a lifetime. The wool rugs are $2.50 a square foot, the cotton $1.35. Except for the price difference, there isn't much choice between them, for the colors in both are lovely and they are said to wear equally well.

Schumacher's custom-hooking de-

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partment also rejoices in an artist who can produce letter-perfect copies of document rugs in that embossed effect people seem to love so dearly. The two-level designs are beautiful, and bewilderingly intricate; the raised parts stand up so bravely you almost expect to trip over them.

ANOTHER of the more acute needs of the season gets answered in Lord & Taylor's reorganized lamp department. Weeks of shopping around and assembling couldn't produce handsomer lamp-and-shade ensembles than the ones you can take home from this place and use the very same evening. They have done, for one thing, an outstanding job with alabaster. You may think you loathe the stuff, but don't commit yourself before seeing L. & T.'s alabaster bases copied from old bronze column lamps, Georgian silver candlesticks, and Bristol glassware. Topped, as they are, with shades of stitched silks and satins (crimson satin lined with white silk is to my mind the perfect shade for alabaster), these lamps may well make you eat your former convictions. They're priced from $15, complete. That's for a twenty-six-inch size, fluted-column style.

Customers, I was told, go mad over this shop's French Chamber of Deputies lamps—one-time oil-burners in old burnished brass ($45, with shade)—so it is a good thing there are large numbers of them in stock. The lamps really were used in the Chamber of Deputies, back in the time of the third Napoleon; you can see a certificate to prove it, if authenticity in such matters means anything to you.

They'll show you, too, reproduction tôle lamps notable for direct and indirect lighting features which do not flaunt their mechanics in your face; urn-shaped and cylindrical bases in lead crystal, deep-cut and glittering; and the pride and delight of the whole establishment, a ponderous three-foot Corinthian column lamp, carved by hand and available both in pickled pine and magnificent gold leaf. The last, with a gleaming coal-black drum shade, gilt-edged, is so spectacular you brace yourself automatically before looking at the price tag. And a good thing, too, for it reads $75.

MADISON AVENUE and environs are, to the surprise of no one, scrambling to the rescue of depleted homesteads with all the old vim and fire. There are new ceramic figurines at Alfred Orlik, 395 Madison Avenue (47th), which should do a great deal for bare mantels and cupboard shelves. They're high-glazed and modern, but very pretty and colorful: European peasant couples in the national costumes of Hungary, Russia, and the Austrian Tyrol; nine inches tall, $55 a pair. They also have busts of the Tyrolean couple, for $25 a pair, about five inches tall—a good size for bracket use, or to set in the pigeonholes of a break front.

Then, at Carole Stupell, 443 Madison (50th), are some small figures of Siamese dancing girls in terra cotta which shouldn't be missed. They have lovely, sleek little bodies, incredible postures, the usual towering headdresses, and gilded draperies from the hips down; $22.50 each. La Stupell, who never could resist a new cocktail-shaker, has one now in the shape of an enormous cowbell; $10 in chromium and wood. You wield it, of course, by grasping the wood handle and swinging the thing wildly up and down, which fortunately produces no sound except that of the ice crashing around inside. Sometimes designers of trinkets like this display an admirable restraint.

Elsewhere are a new chintz which can be washed and ironed without losing its glaze (Macy's); my favorite Prop-Pillow done up fancy in a quilted satin cover ($21.50, Carlin Comforts, 10 East 50th Street); a spectacular new synthetic silk called Broché de Rae, for curtains, with gleaming damask designs upon a delustred background, or vice versa—(Witcombe, McGeachin, 515 Madison, at 53rd); and Decals, in Macy's basement: fruit, vegetable, nautical, and deep-sea motifs to apply like decalcomanias to kitchen, bathroom, and nursery walls; about $1.50 for a set of eight, and fun if not carried too far. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Fair and Cooler

THE ideal material for that autumn overcoat you're thinking of ordering is vicuña. It's a luxury, for vicuña costs $55 a yard, and an overcoat takes at least three yards and a quarter, but vicuña is light as well as warm, and has an exceptionally soft texture. The vicuña itself, in case you don't happen to know, is a small, agile member of the llama family which lives high above the snow line in the Andes and is difficult to capture and shear. It is practically impossible to raise the animal in captivity, so its fleece makes not only the finest and most beautiful of all coat materials but also the rarest. The natural color of vicuña is a warm, rich brown which doesn't dye well, but Milbank, Leaman, woollen merchants, of 2 West 46th Street, have succeeded in getting a whole bolt—forty yards—of dark-blue vicuña, an unusual acquisition. If you feel vicuña is a bit beyond you, there is cashmere, which isn't so soft, but can be had in a wider range of colors and weaves, and is less expensive. What we really liked quite as well as both vicuña and cashmere were some fine Saxony overcoat materials at Milbank, Leaman. They come in exceptionally handsome plaids and stripes. Incidentally, before we drop the subject for good and all, Milbank, Leaman are getting in some vicuña especially for odd jackets. It will cost $50 a yard.

Howse, Mead & Sons, of 9 East 37th Street (we've been making a small tour of woollen merchants), are particularly proud of a new overcoat cloth called velour fleece, which combines lightness and warmth, and has the colors of the old and popular, but awfully heavy, Irish friezes. This firm believes there should be more color in men's suits, and has gone in for Burgundy worsteds in plain designs or with black stripes; terra-cotta worsteds in stripes and plaids; and aquamarine-blue worsteds which are more conservative than they sound.

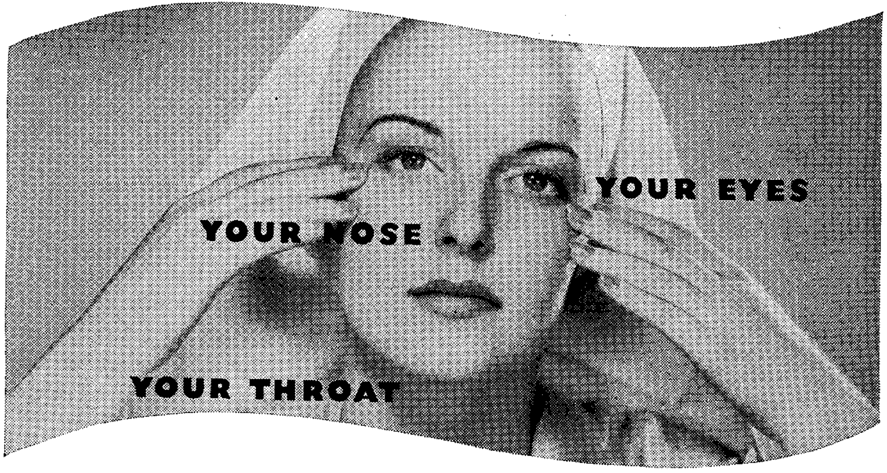
Hunt & Winterbotham, 10 East 49th Street, who were established in London in 1532, have especially good materials for riding clothes and pink coats. They furnish all the scarlet cloth for the tunics of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Woollen merchants, of course, don't ordinarily sell to individuals. Your tailor, however, can get a sample of any cloth you're interested in, and at the larger establishments you will probably find many of these materials already in stock.

WE couldn't think of a better hat for knocking about than the one John Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), has just brought out. It's made of unfinished felt, which is to say it hasn't been ironed slick. You can roll it up and keep it in a pocket in your car for days, and it won't wrinkle. Heretofore Cavanagh has made unfinished felts only in the $20 grade, but this new one, which comes in gray, green, or brown, is $10.

Sedentary gentlemen who go in for braces decorated with hunting scenes or fan dancers can get them at Saks-Fifth Avenue and Brooks; and Dudley Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street, has a first-

Guard Against age signs in these 3 places



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YOUR EYES! Here lines may be a sign of dryness and approaching lines *all over* your face! Dorothy Gray Special Dry Skin Mixture supplies lubrication plus the "sunshine" Vitamin D. . . . $2.25

YOUR THROAT! Smooth Dorothy Gray Masque Frappé all over your face and neck. Cooling and bracing, this misty-pink Salon mask imparts a look of delicacy to weather-beaten skin. . . . $3.00

Salon Face Powder in pastel tones to meet the new season's fashion. $1, $1.50
Indelible Lipstick in new *Royalty Red* shade fires your lips with ardor. $1.00

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rate collection of British suspenders. You'll covet the heavy satin ones with white kid ends, at $8 a pair.

Money belts usually are rather cumbersome, but the Pioneer Suspender Company now makes one which you can't tell from an ordinary belt, and which also performs the service of holding up one's pants. The lining contains a secret pocket for bills which is seven inches long and shuts with a zipper fastener. We also like Pioneer's braces in botany stripes to match botany-silk ties, and the Tyrolean braces in gay greens and blues, decorated with fir trees, edelweiss, acorns, and such, which you'll see in the shops shortly.

ITEMS: For prep-school boys, Saks-Fifth Avenue have woollen shirts with the same sort of colored stripes that lumberjacks affect; shirts made of a new material called Ranpaca, which resembles alpaca; loosely woven Braemar Shetland pullovers (these are in the Rannoch Shop); and British-made reversible raincoats, with tweed on one side and Egyptian cotton on the other. . . . De Pinna has cylindrical hold-all bags of heavy cotton duck and leather into which you can stuff an amazing number of odds and ends. . . . Tripler is showing a razor-blade sharpener that operates by string power. You shut the blade in a Bakelite box, attach one end of the heavy cord that runs through it to a hook in the bathroom, take a tight hold on the other end of the cord with one hand, and jiggle the box up and down the string with the other. Tripler also has an English safety razor which can be adjusted to all sorts of angles. . . . Newell's, 290 Park Avenue (49th), offer what they call "wing-back" pajamas, which have expanding pleats like golfers' jackets. For gentlemen with old-fashioned tastes, they provide knee-length nightshirts. —E. K.

MARKETS AND MENUS

The Beefsteak Crisis —And Red Wine

THERE is so much cosmic disaster to worry about in the morning paper these days that few of us got around to a more personal calamity on September 13th, when the wholesale price of beef reached an all-time high, bringing $18.85 for a hundred pounds on the hoof, and certain cuts of beefsteak were selling in New York for around ninety cents a pound retail.

What is mostly responsible for the high cost of beef right now is the 1936 drought, which was so hard on farmers and newsreel audiences, and such a boon to the sturdy school of realistic novelists. The '34 drought didn't have so much effect on beef prices, because the government, through the purchase of starving cattle, provided funds for farmers to import feed to maintain their breeding stock, and in consequence the beef-cattle production kept up in the fall and spring succeeding that drought. Last year, though, it seems the government bought very few cattle—less than 5,000—and in consequence the quantity of breeding stock diminished a lot more than it did in '34.

Of course last year's drought raised hell with the corn crop, too—it being the smallest in this century. The price of corn skyrocketed, and not only did the price of beef fly up with it, but there was also, on account of the bad crop, a great reduction in the farrowing of pigs, and a consequent shortage in the pork supply, making a bigger demand for beef. That didn't help beef prices any, either. Then, as if pigs, and cost of corn, and drought, and other miseries hadn't complicated the beef situation enough already, here in New York there has grown up an excessive demand for certain cuts of beef. The carriage trade, which used to enjoy a four-rib roast a couple of times a week, and a sirloin in between times, now orders club (Delmonico) and porterhouse steaks almost exclusively, and there simply aren't enough of that kind, in prime beef, to go around.

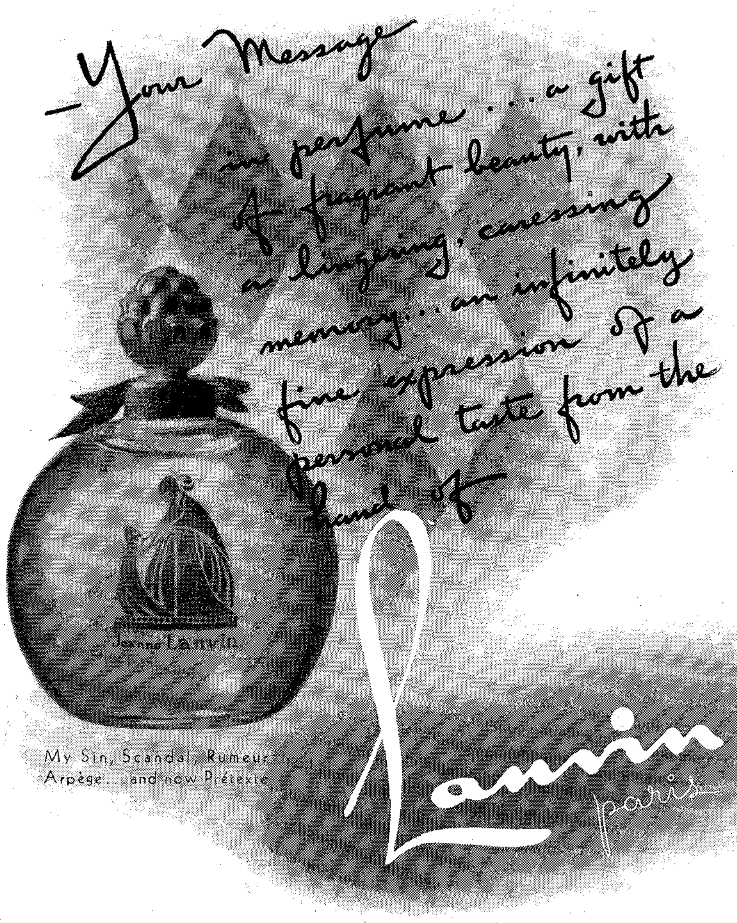
THE best club and porterhouse steaks are city-dressed and come from what is known in the trade as pin-bone short loins—the heart of the watermelon in terms of beef. The porterhouse is cut from the short loin with the filet, and, when from the best-quality meat, sells for around eighty cents a pound wholesale; the Delmonico, or club, steak has had the filet removed, and brings seventy cents wholesale. Herman Schlosser, down at 433 West Fourteenth Street, who handles as fine beef as can be had anywhere, sells a thirty-pound "shell," which is the short loin with the filet removed, for $24, at the moment. The retailer can't get more than thirteen pounds of steak out of it, the remaining weight being four pounds of bones to be thrown away, six pounds of stew meat that sells for around twenty-two cents a pound, and seven pounds of suet, for which he gets six cents a pound. Pity the poor retail butcher; pity poor Mr. Herman Schlosser, who pays $19 for a hundred pounds of live steer; and especially pity me, whose preference for beefsteak is economically unsound.

To make things confusing to the housewife, she and her husband don't even understand one another's beefsteak terminology. A man eats the best steak he ever tasted at his club or some such place as Gallagher's, pays $2.50 for it, and learns from the menu that it's a sirloin. He tells his wife about it, and when she inquires of her butcher, she is told that sirloin is *not* the best cut (which it certainly isn't). Nobody seems to know just why the steak houses and clubs have taken to calling shell steaks sirloins. Actually, in household parlance, they are more nearly club steaks, but the exact counterpart of the steak-house cut isn't often met with in the retail trade. Gallagher's Steak House buys shells, and cuts its steaks in such a way that what you get is all solid meat with only the smallest tip of bone left to give flavor in broiling, so there is even more loss in a one-pound Gallagher steak order (which includes baked potato, bread and butter, and pickles) at $2.50 than there is to the retailer who sells you a porterhouse at around ninety cents a pound, including bone and fat. The Gallagher people take it awfully hard that simply nothing can discourage their clients from ordering steaks. Business is just as good today as when the place started up in 1933 and shells were selling for twenty-nine cents a pound and Gallagher's was making money serving steaks at $1.25. If customers won't switch over to chicken pie occasionally, there's no telling what will happen.

If you are lucky, you can occasionally wangle one of these magnificent Gallagher steaks (bone cut out and everything) from Herman Schlosser, and you can get the same quality of steaks at Shaffer's, 673 Madison Avenue (61st); the Atlanta Market, 1218 Third Avenue (70th); Bliss Brothers, 711 Madison Avenue (63rd); and doubtless at other places, whose meat I haven't tried.

Getting back to terms: If your husband has picked up the phrase "New York style" at his favorite steak house and tries to dazzle you with it, don't let it confuse you. It simply means a restaurant cut, which is nothing more than a short loin with one rib left in—left in for no better reason that I can see than to hold up the loin and give it shape.

IF you find, after buying a beefsteak, that you still have money left, I beg you to invest your remaining capital in



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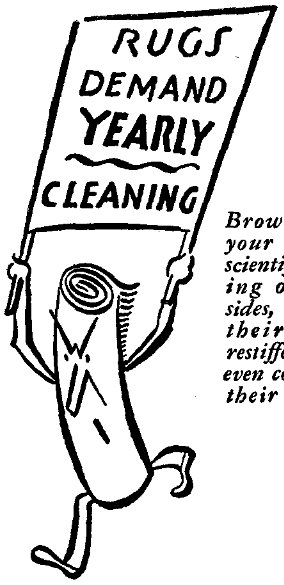
a bottle of wine to drink with it. I have a theory (and may the wine merchants forgive me for speaking the truth) that most simon-pure Yankee dishes needn't depend on wine to bring out their flavor. Beefsteak, I maintain, is one of the exceptions, and takes a red Burgundy or claret or a good rough Rhône as the perfect complement. Bates & French, 96 Park Avenue (40th), have an extremely good 1929 Château Lynch Bages at $1.41 a bottle, and an even finer Blagny (Burgundy) of the same year at $1.64—maybe not dinner-party wines, but the sort you want to drink yourself, and I know no better use for any wine. Another inexpensive claret that is mighty good with beef is the 1929 St. Emilion, at $1.40, of H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street—as first-rate a regional wine as I have found anywhere. If you adore, as I do, the earthy taste of Rhône wines with your steak, you will do well to try the excellent 1929 red Hermitage La Chapelle of Frank Schoonmaker, 17 East 42nd Street, at $18 a case, or the rich, full-bodied Châteauneuf-du-Pape, at $19.25, of Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue (45th). Among the Burgundies (and I don't care what you say, Burgundy *is* more suited than claret to beefsteak), there is the 1929 Volnay, Clos des Ducs, of Frank Schoonmaker at $30 a case, and the Volnay, En Caillerets, of Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt at $27.50. Both are utterly delicious. The honey of them all, though, is a Clos de Tart 1929 to be had of M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), at $3.75 a bottle. It's the sort of wine you know you ought to save for distinguished guests, but which for the life of you you can't leave off drinking yourself. —S. H.

•

A JOURNAL

We planted the bulbs today.
Brocaded sun on our shoulders
Hung rich, like a honeyed cloak.
(Men are raking the summer away.
In the streets the summer smolders.)
With sharpened forks we broke
The level shape of earth,
With hands in dark and cold
Set polished knots of life.
(As I write moss roses drown
In a papery rain of leaves.
A bee drives down through gold
To the bending bloom of an aster.
The loom of the season weaves
The gorgeous cloth of disaster.)
We covered them well with mold.
—Garreta Busey



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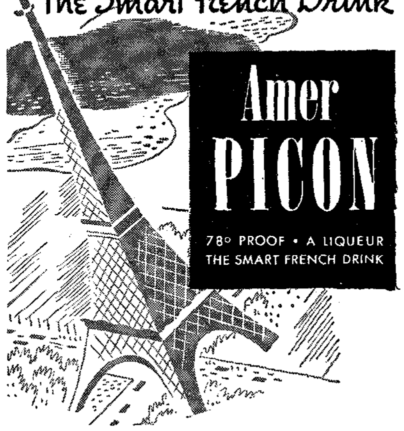

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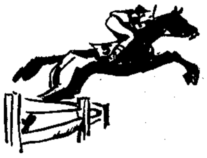
*277 GRAND ST., NEW YORK

THE RACE TRACK

Futurity Thoughts—Plater Into Stake Horse—Hindsight

THERE'S just one thing I'd like to mention concerning The Futurity, which will be run at Belmont Park this weekend, and that is I hope the winner doesn't grow into a Class C horse. It seems as though I've been looking at nothing else since the Saratoga meeting ended.



The trouble with picking The Futurity, or any race, for that matter, is that if you're right, nobody remembers, but if you're wrong, everyone sympathizes sweetly. Weeks ago I suggested that Tiger was the best two-year-old out this season, and I haven't changed my mind. All sorts of explanations were offered for his defeat in the Junior Champion Stakes, one of them being that he was stricken with a sinister ailment—beriberi, German measles, or something. Another was that he couldn't run on the sandy Aqueduct track, and the obvious one was that he cuffed himself on the leg. By the way, he struck himself again, opening the old wound, when he won at Belmont Park the other day, so he may do it in The Futurity too; you'll have to take that chance. Still, I couldn't help liking the way he disposed of Pumpkin, even though beating Pumpkin is no longer an achievement. I fancy Menow next to Tiger. He, too, is the sort that can shoot out from a mob of plodders. Bull Lea also may run well, but I can't be at all optimistic about Fighting Fox, Pit Bull, or The Chief.

I don't suppose there will be a big field for The Futurity, which typifies the gamble in racing better than any other sweepstakes. It costs $10 to nominate an unborn thoroughbred. A year later, about the time the animal goes into a training stable, there is an additional payment of $75, or you can cancel the entry by paying only $10. Then, in the middle of the colt's two-year-old season, you must pay $125 more to keep him eligible, or, if you think he isn't first-class, you can withdraw him by paying $85. If you still want to see your colors up in The Futurity, the starting fee is $1,000. All of these entry and declaration fees go into a pool, to which the Westchester Racing Association adds $25,000. It is estimated that this year's race will be worth around $75,000.

This, of course, won't be the richest, or the least valuable, Futurity since the race was inaugurated at Sheepshead Bay in 1888. Six hundred and ten nominations were made on December 2nd, 1935; there were 354 declarations at $10 each on December 1st, 1935; 138 declarations at $85 each on July 1st, 1937; and five entries were void because the mares had twins, or something, reducing the eligibles to 113, of which not more than a dozen will go to the post. The richest Futurity was run off in 1929. Over 1,900 nominations were made for the race that year, and with seventeen runners, the event had a gross value of $125,600, of which $105,730 went to H. P. Whitney's Whichone. The least valuable Futurity, which was won by H. P. Whitney's Pennant in 1913, was worth only $15,060.

LOTS of people are undecided about the Lawrence Realization Stakes—whether it was a good race or something that shouldn't have happened. Although there's little difference between selling-platers and stake horses these days, it was a shock to see Unfailing, who could have been bought for $1,500 a month ago, win a purse of $19,590 and the oldest and most important autumn event for three-year-olds. There was no romance or undercover business about it, either. Unfailing won his first race, a claiming affair in which he was entered to be sold for $2,500, earlier in the week, and the field for the Realization was so poor that Max Hirsch, who trains Unfailing for Parker Corning, started the colt with the hope of getting third (or possibly second) money, which was more than he could win in two or three claiming races. Matey seemed so supreme that nobody in Hirsch's stable bet a penny on Unfailing, who was 20–1. Unfailing followed Privileged to the stretch and took the lead easily, while Matey was down the course.

If Unfailing is a $2,500 horse (and I'm taking him at his highest established figure), Matey is dear at $2,000. Curious how some horses acquire undeserved reputations. Matey was placed first in the Pimlico Futurity after the disqualification of Privileged, and early this season seemed to be a better horse to follow than War Admiral. However, he's won only one race, and that a cheap

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one, all year. Wouldn't you be surprised if he won the Jockey Club Gold Cup this weekend? I would.

WHEN you know how a race has come out, it isn't hard to discuss in a superior way the fallacies that were current about it in advance. I'm no Red Board Joe, who picks winners after the finish, but I never believed that Caballero II was such a marvellous distance runner as almost everybody insisted he was. Caballero II went well for a mile and a quarter in the Manhattan Handicap, and then tired in the last quarter of a mile. I don't think that was because he was carrying 126 pounds. Of course you remember that Count Stone, who won the Manhattan Handicap, ran in a Class D race a few days before.

I daresay Merry Lassie is our best two-year-old filly—after all, she has won seven of her eight starts—but I don't think she'll do well in races over six furlongs. She was awfully lucky to win the Matron Stakes, for after showing phenomenal early speed, she seemed to go to pieces half a furlong from home. You might remember Handcuff, who almost beat Merry Lassie, if she runs for the Selima Stakes, which is at a mile.

Thomas Hitchcock, who hasn't watched his jumpers in races for years because the excitement is bad for his heart, saw the running of the Brook Steeplechase last weekend. He couldn't have picked a better occasion, for his Yemasee led all the way. Yemasee, if you're interested, will take a lot of beating in the Grand National.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: Sam Riddle declaring that War Admiral really will run one race, possibly at Pimlico, before the season ends. . . . Mose Cossman, Ed Bradley's betting commissioner, writing his wagers with a green pencil. . . . The Hollywood horseplayers waiting around the telegraph office for word about Myron Selznick's Pasha in the Potomac Handicap at Havre de Grace. Pasha ran next to last. . . . William Woodward watching the Lawrence Realization. . . . Pete Bostwick showing the Argentine polo players around the paddock. . . . Colonel Martingale wondering how many parlays Matey broke last Saturday. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Of course, there must be good supply of Jacob Ruppert beer—which will emit cries of glee.—*From a recipe book issued by the Ruppert Brewery.*

We prefer a still beer.

TABLES FOR TWO

Laughing Like Anything

IT has been the habit of this department to yip plaintively, now and again, that the night life of New York contains every possible ingredient for a good time except gaiety. You know *gaiety*—the atmosphere created by people who go out together because, for heaven's sake, they like laughing or waxing romantic or becoming conversational in each other's company. On the strength of a vast experience gleaned from three or four trips (out of season) to Paris and Berlin and London, I have even been known to comment sagely that in Continental beer gardens and cafés for the masses there is a rollicking quality which can't seem to happen here. For our sophisticates go to the Right Places to gawp at others; there is a lamentable tendency to think that a good time can be applied from without, like a coat of shellac; and the battle cry that you should go home with the guy what brung you hasn't been heard in the Stork Club or El Morocco since repeal.

I maintain that lunch or dinner partners—and lunch and dinner—are being used too frequently as springboards for a dive at other people. Try to lunch at, say, 21 with the person you made that date with. I am quaint about making dates only with people I like to see. I have an old-fashioned way of charging into the bar, gazing wildly about until my eye encounters that of my intended victim, and joining him instanter to apologize for tardiness, cope with the what-will-you-have session, and order. So what happens? So I am an anti-social pariah. People who don't like me tut-tut reproachfully and say I cut them dead, and they only two rooms away and all. And my oculist won't commit perjury about my eyesight to square me. People I've met once stop at the table and take ten minutes to say that we must get together. I maintain this isn't civilized.

WHAT I am getting around to saying is that the new International Casino, at Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, has a European, devil-may-care spirit of romp about it that is going to make a lot of us happy, and maybe change our lives a little. Perhaps it was the Legionnaires, the lugs, who brought a new frame of mind to the people who were there when I was, or perhaps it is only a temporary aberration, which will vanish, like a visiting picture star. The International is different from the big brawl places on Broadway—the trouble with them is that they aren't quite big enough, so the muggs have a way of crowding in on you, and I am bothered with a claustrophobia that sends me screaming out of there. The International *is* big enough—huge and glittering and perfectly beautiful, with a bar winding casually up the stairs, and a whizzing escalator which, sure as you stand there, is going to catch the tulle of some inmate's dress just as she disembarks and strip her to her panties. The reason I like the place isn't the décor, phenomenal as it is. It isn't the gorgeous show with the gorgeous girls which rambles on at intervals through the evening. It isn't the tang of good dance music by George Olsen and Yasha Bunchuk and Basil Fomeen, two alternating in the main arena and one encouraging dancing outside on the promenade. (There's to be tea dancing, too. I can hardly wait.) No, folks, the charm is elsewhere. The International offers the same glorious anonymity a movie cathedral does, and this makes it lovable in my eyes. You go there to have fun with your own party, and you are permitted to do exactly that. I hope this symbolizes a new era.

IT is also Significant that, away from the correct haunts, there is more wholehearted appreciation of the zany. Mind you, it is always the belligerent intellectuals who point the way to the proper lunacies, and where they lead the glamour boys and girls follow. The Fourth Estate also points the way to good eating. It wasn't the upper classes who found out that the Colony had good food; they learned later that its cuisine is an excellent reason to advance for going there. You may be driven out of the Jack White Club 18, on West Fifty-second Street, by the smoke and the din, but you can't remain aloof. It is as much as your aplomb is worth to sit back politely and titter at the falldown comedy of Joe Lewis in the Frolics Club, at Broadway and Fiftieth. You're in, or you're in for it, because there is no reverence in either of the boys. So, with great good grace, our

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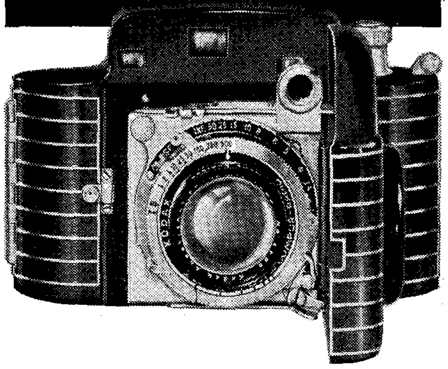

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best people reserve their social gestures with their tables at the St. Regis and the Plaza, and have learned to mix it elsewhere. And, to swing from Broadway to the heights, the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center, with a nice finger on the pulse of the times, has made an important contribution to the more jovial life, too. There have been roller-skaters and trick horses and vaudeville juvenilia in general, to the delight of all; at present, the very correct audience lose themselves in admiring applause for the badminton exhibition, even to the extent of challenging the champ. They crowd the place on Tuesday evenings to make unselfconscious fools of themselves learning to dance the Big Apple.

It looks like a good winter, God help us. —LIPSTICK

•

Naomi Lane Babson makes her bow in the POST this week with Rainy Day in Summer. Here's her answer to our request for a few paragraphs:

"Although I am writing now from Montana, I think of myself as a New Englander who has lived for a long time in China. I was born and brought up—or grew up—in Massachusetts, and I'm still one of those who believe that when God thought of Paradise he made Cape Ann first, to get his hand in.

"I taught in rural schools, then went to college, then to Canton, to teach again. My home was there for a number of years, before and after marriage. South China, too, is beautiful and exciting. Much rich experience is bound up with those days, and some of it is trickling out in print.

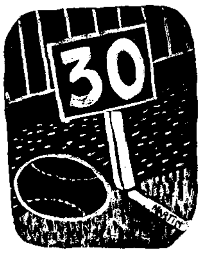
"At one time my work in the government university took me twice a day through the swarming streets of the city, where life is compounded of misery and beauty, of hunger, laughter, cunning and simplicity, of greed, generosity and pain. Out of those daily trips grew the story of Cho-yu and his friends."—*The Saturday Evening Post, July 17th, 1937.*

"Although I am writing now from Montana," Naomi Babson tells us in her letter, "I think of myself as a New Englander who has lived for a long time in China. I was born and brought up in Massachusetts, and I'm still one of those who believe that when God thought of Paradise he made Cape Ann first, to get His hand in.... I taught in rural schools, then went to college, then to China, to teach again. My home was there for a number of years, before and after marriage. South China is beautiful, and exciting. Twice a day I walked through swarming streets, where life is compounded of misery and beauty, of hunger, laughter, cunning and duplicity, of greed, generosity, and pain. It was out of those daily trips that grew the story of *Her People*"—*Pictorial Review, September, 1937.*

Any more stories up your sleeve?

FOOTBALL

Off the Record



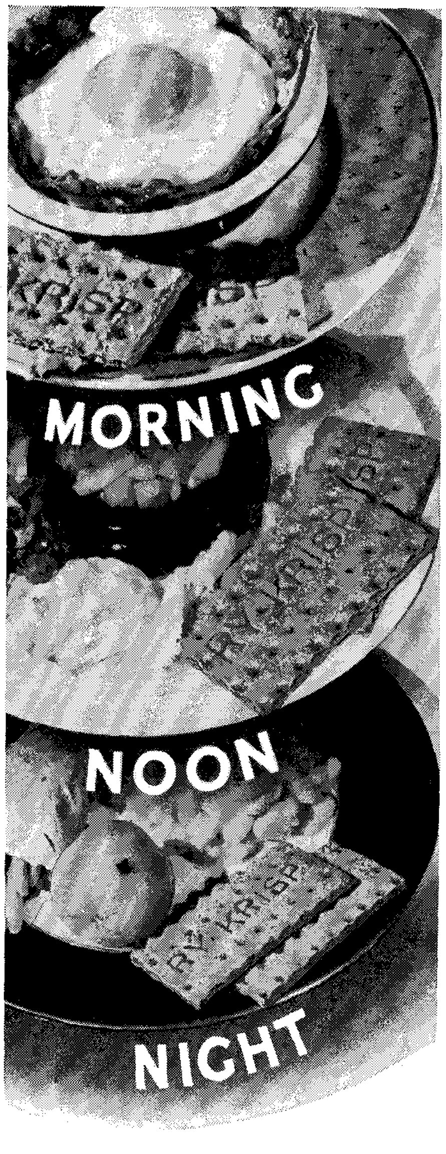
GETTING into pre-season football practice is not the easiest thing in the world. But if you have a little green or pink pass, or a nod of recognition from a graduate manager, you can go through the gates that shut out the rest of the world. It was warm and sunny the afternoon we went down to Princeton to see what Fritz Crisler was planning to use for a team this year. Princeton teams practice at University Field, right next to the field house, and not at Palmer Stadium, which is a good-sized hop away. Perhaps a hundred people—the usual mixture of old players, undergraduates, faculty wives, and townees, who know as much about the individual characteristics of the team as anyone, and a great deal more than most—were watching.

On the playing field other old-timers were lending a hand: Art Lane, working on the line, and looking pleased that his younger brother, Alf, was doing so well at guard; Ken Fairman, wearing vivid striped yellow pants, and busy coaching the ends; Hugh MacMillan, in track trunks, idly punting the ball a good ten yards further than any of the candidates. Crisler, always sedate enough behind his glasses, had relaxed to the extent of wearing an enormous 79 on his jersey. The numeral belongs to Charlie Toll, the varsity captain, but Crisler likes to wear the captain's number during practice. Last year, for instance, he wore Montgomery's 32. It's just one of those little habits that suddenly become tradition.

Whenever Crisler lectured his men, he took off his glasses and thoughtfully wiped the lenses as he spoke. He speaks quietly, in an almost pedantic manner, and his speech is slow and precise. This habit probably dates from the football dinner in Boston a few years ago when someone tried to catch him up on a nice grammatical point—whether he should not have said, "May the better team win" instead of "May the best team win." Crisler did mean "best"—he had three complete squads ready to take the field—and said so.

Before the afternoon's game between the varsity and the scrubs commenced, we had an odd feeling that we were backstage watching a rehearsal of, say, "Babes in Arms." This was because of the odd costume effects devised by the coaching staff. The main thing was a nursery apron worn by the first-string linemen. This apron is like a baseball catcher's pad, reaching to the ankles and covering the entire front of the body. It ties up in back, with apron strings. The sight of half a dozen two-hundred-pounders running down-field and holding up their skirts with both hands, so they *can* run, is rather magnificent. It's even better when they let go of their skirts just before they leave their feet to make a tackle. The aprons have been very effective in preventing injury, however, and the linemen have to go on wearing them. The rest of the costuming—black jerseys for the varsity holdovers, orange for this year's appointees, and an appropriate gray for the scrubs—is conventional enough, although it has its complications. When a varsity man is shifted temporarily to the scrubs, he has to be marked in some way so everyone will know what side he's playing on. Rather than send him to the sidelines to change jerseys and gear, the coaches give him a white basketball jersey. What with shoulder padding and all, putting the extra jersey on is rather difficult, so the player just sticks his head through the top hole and lets the rest hang around his neck, exactly like a great bib.

The hardest-working and most popular man on the field pays no attention to all this boyish tomfoolery. He always plays on one squad. He's Jim Salsich, scrub quarterback and captain. In his freshman year, he was a backfield star on the yearling team. Now, a senior, he is playing his last year of football for Princeton and his third on the scrubs. Jim's older brother was a backfield star, too, on three good Williams varsities, but Jim came to a university which had, and still has, plenty of fine backs. Playing steadily on the scrubs is hard, if valuable, work. The day we were there, various varsity combinations were testing their offensive against the grays, and the game went ninety minutes. So Salsich is popular. When his squad had the ball, people kept yelling, "Come on, Jim!" and when he scored a touchdown—scrub touchdowns are rare—even the faculty wives stood up and cheered. Next month, when he runs on the field to get his letter in the Yale game, practically no one in the Bowl will have any idea who he is.—J. W. L.



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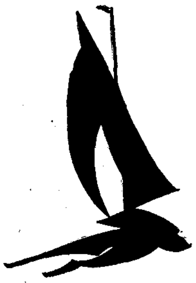
Season's End



THE Sound racing season ended in a most disappointing manner last Saturday off New Rochelle, just for want of a breeze. We can't recall ever having seen so late a regatta spoiled by a calm. This has been a strange year for wind, anyway. We've become so accustomed to unseasonable weather that if an Australian willy-willy roared in our ears, we wouldn't think anything of it. Usually, you know, this is the time of year the chicken-hearted lay up their boats and the wind-hungry skippers sail forth swathed in oilskins and blow out their sails. No one, not even the drifting experts, got any solace out of this last get-together.

When the fleet gathered off Execution Light, there was a nice little easterly blowing, and the unsuspecting race committee sent the various classes away over their regular triangular courses. Then the breeze started to fade, and what had looked like a fine race turned into a drawn-out encounter with the tide. A few diehards did manage to get back to the finish line before the seven-o'clock curfew, but the majority of the fleet didn't even come close to it. The results of such an unsatisfactory race really shouldn't count in the season's standings. The only two classes of any importance that finished within the time limit were the old Interclubs and the Stars. The Interclubs, which used to be such a sporty little fleet, are now passé. A few of them turn out regularly, but they owe what little interest there is left to the days when the Interclubs were known as the scrappiest class on the Sound. It's odd how quickly yachtsmen transfer their affections from one boat to another. Most of the Interclub skippers went into the International One Design Class when it was started this year. Lorna Hibberd, née Whittelsey, was the only first-class skipper who didn't change over, and consequently has won all but one or two of the races that have been sailed this summer. On Saturday she beat six other entries by a mile.

The Stars were the most numerous boats on hand, and the only thing their crews could talk about was the way the German Star went in their International Championships. She won the last four races in comparatively easy fashion after breaking down in the first, and deserved to win. Never has one boat stood out so in this class, and the reason for her superiority is still obscure. Some claim it was her rig; others say the German helmsman was at home in the strong breezes. Whatever the explanation, he has left the Star sailors thoroughly stirred up.

THE main topic of the rocking-chair regattas is, of course, the case of Endeavour. Most sailormen are freely cursing the rules that govern the America's Cup match, which require the challenger to cross the ocean on her own bottom. Of course, J boats have to sail or be towed over, as they are too big to put on the deck of a steamer. It is commonly agreed that the logical solution of the problem is to alter the rules and make the International Twelve-Metre Class the future America's Cup boats. They are the largest vessels of this sort which can be shipped, and they are far more practical than J boats from every standpoint. As one man remarked, "Requiring an America's Cup challenger, which nowadays is nothing but a racing machine, to cross the Atlantic is comparable to making the Argentines ride their polo ponies to New York, or having the Harvard crew row down to New London for their regatta with Yale."

—BOSUN

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NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From the Walter L. Main Circus press sheet*]

It seems that Walter L. Main who is known to almost every circus performer as the "Governor" has sent more performers to the top of the ladder than any other showman on earth, seems to have the nack of picking just the right kind of acts to give the maximum amount of entertainment for both the old as well as the young, and that is one of the reasons that the Walter L. Main Circus enjoys such a tremendous amount of popularity wherever shown for the past 49 years that Mr. Main has been presenting circus performances in America, and it seems that each succeeding season it takes the road in the spring, that popularity seems to increase, which is shown by the added attendance by the old-timers as well as the younger generation, and it is no easy matter to put together a well-balanced, smooth-running circus performance due to the necessity of considering every detail such as the putting up and taking down of each kind of rigging used by various acts before the next act can start and many other details that the general public does not think of.

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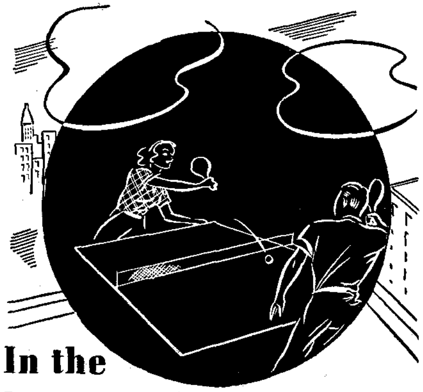

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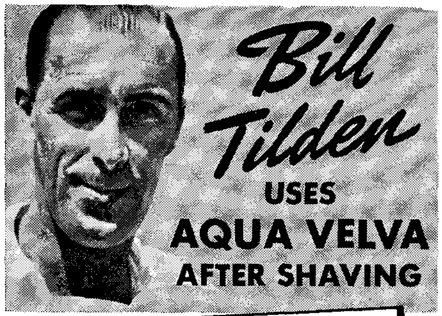

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"I COME from Jersey City," the man in the green sweater was saying, "all the way from Jersey City, and I might of just as well stood home. You look at Brooklyn and you look at Jersey City and if you didn't look at the uniforms you'd never tell the difference."

Just then Jo-Jo Moore hit a homer and the Giants scored four runs. Two men a few rows below stood up with grins on their faces and called to a friend behind us, "Johnny, Johnny! Did you see that, Johnny? You still here, Johnny? We thought you mighta left. What a team, Brooklyn!" They shook their heads in sardonic admiration. "What a team! You still here, Johnny?"

Johnny, wherever he was, didn't say anything. His two friends sat down, laughing.

The man in the green sweater took off his yellow straw hat and carefully wiped the sweatband with his handkerchief. "I been watching the Dodgers for twenty-three years," he said, "and I never seen anything like this." He put his hat on again, over his dark Greek face, the eyes deep and sad, never leaving the field where the Dodgers moved wearily in their green-trimmed uniforms. "Jersey City, Albany, and Brooklyn, that would make a good league. They're worse than Jersey City, I swear, worse."

"Ah, now, listen," the man next to him said, "if that's the case, why is Brooklyn in the major leagues?"

"I don't know," the man in the green sweater said, "I honestly couldn't tell you."

"They haven't got such a bad team."

"They ought to move them into the New York-Penn League. A major-league team!" He laughed sadly. "Look at that!" The Brooklyn shortstop had fallen down leaping at a grounder to his right. "No guts," the man from Jersey City said. "A major-league shortstop woulda had it. He fell to make a alibi."

"It was a hard-hit ball," his neighbor protested.

"Bartell woulda had it. He ain't no Bartell."

"He's got nine yards of tape on him," the man next to him said. "I saw with my own eyes in the dugout."

"That's Brooklyn. Always got tape all over them. They spend more money for tape than for players. Look at that."

One of the Giants hit a single and another run scored. The two men in front of us stood up with grins on their faces and called to their friend in back of us, "Still here, Johnny?," and sat down.

"For twenty-three years," the man in the green sweater said, "I been rootin' for this team. I think I'm goin' to root for the Giants. I'm gettin' tired of rootin' for a minor-league team in a major league. I would hate to see what would happen to those guys in Jersey City."

"I come to see them every day," his neighbor said stubbornly, "and they're a major-league team."

"Look at them." The man in the green sweater pointed his scorecard in accusation at the nine weary figures. "Take 'em one by one. Look at Wilson. Why, he's the worst ballplayer in the world. He's even worse than Smead Jolley."

"Wilson isn't the only one on the team," his neighbor said.

"All right. Cooney. What can Cooney do?"

"Cooney can field."

"All right, Cooney can field. But he has an air rifle for an arm. He can't reach second base in under seven bounces. Don't talk to me about Cooney."

"His arm's not so bad," the neighbor insisted.

"Mac," the man in the green sweater said, "you're the one man in the United States that don't know Cooney got a glass arm. The one man."

"How about Winsett?" his neighbor wanted to know.

By this time Winsett was up at the plate for Brooklyn, and the man in the green sweater watched him critically. "A cigar-store Indian," he said finally. "Watch him swing."

"He hit fifty home runs the year they brought him up," the Brooklyn fan said. "Cigar-store Indians don't hit fifty home runs."

"I saw him when he was playin' in the International League," the man in the green sweater said. "Do you know what he hit in the International League? Two-fifty. You know why? It's an out-curve league. So is the National League an out-curve league. He ought to be out somewhere playin' night baseball." At the top of his voice he called, "Come on, you cigar-store Indian!"

Winsett hit a home run.

"This is a fine time to hit it," the

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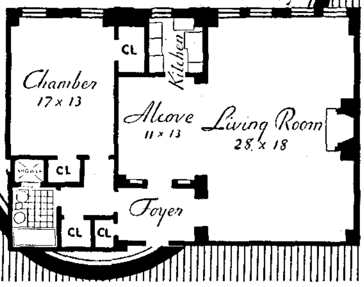

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man from Jersey City said. "They're behind four runs and there's nobody on base and he hits a home run."

In the next inning a pitcher named Cantwell took up the bitter burden of pitching for Brooklyn. The face of the man in the green sweater lightened. "There's a pitcher," he said. "One of the best. Out in Jersey City they were goin' to give him a new automobile, but he went to the Giants. Watch him!" he said, and the first two Giants grounded out to the infield. "A prince of a fellow. A prince. Everybody likes him."

"Well, he's been pitching lousy *now*," his neighbor said a little later, as Cantwell walked two men.

"What do you expect?" the man from Jersey City said, anxiously watching the misery below. "He don't look like the Cantwell of Jersey City. Terry double-crossed him. He wanted to stay in Jersey City; he woulda got an automobile. But Terry took him and double-crossed him and shipped him to Brooklyn. How do you expect him to pitch? He broke his heart."

Cantwell struck out the third batter. The man in the green sweater stood up and applauded as the pitcher trudged into the dugout. "You bet your life he can pitch, the poor son of a gun, only he's mostly disgusted, the poor fella. That's it, Ben!" He sat down. "Wonderful pitcher, Ben. He's got a head."

"I never saw him strike out a man before," the Brooklyn fan said.

"There's very few of them makes a living out of strikeouts. Now, if they only give Ben something to work on . . ."

BROOKLYN scored two runs in their half of the inning. Two men died on base when Wilson popped out.

"That Wilson," the man in the green sweater said, "they ought to trade him to the Salvation Army. He's the worst player in the world. Worse than Smead Jolley."

But he cheered lustily when Cantwell came through another inning unscored upon. "There's a pitcher," he said. "If I had a team, I'd buy him."

"You could buy him for the fare to Jersey City," a man in back said. "Eleven cents."

"The only major-leaguer on that ball club!" the man in the green sweater said with finality. "If only those cheap bastards would buy a couple more like him, they'd have something. I'm not saying Brooklyn's bad as a town, but they got office boys running the ball club. That cheap Grimes. I heard he

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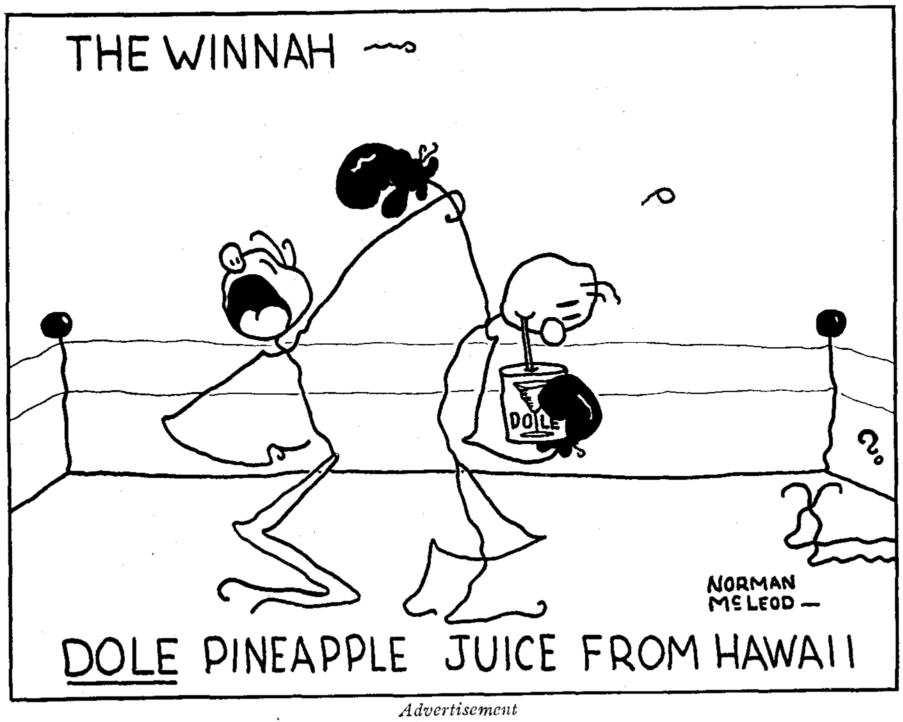
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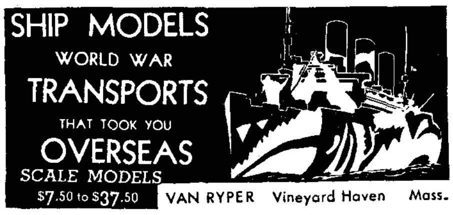

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used the groundkeeper's truck to move his furniture in."

A little later the Dodgers scored another run and the man in the green sweater was shouting triumphantly, the ancient Greek sorrow gone from his eyes for the first time in the entire afternoon. There was only one out and there was a man on third base and the Dodgers needed only one run to tie the score. Wilson was coming up to bat, and the man in the green sweater groaned. "That's what happens when you have somebody like that on a team. He comes up at a time like this. That's always the way it happens. He's pitiful. In the International League, they used to walk two batters to get at him."

But at the last moment somebody else batted for Wilson, and struck out. "On low ones," the man in the green sweater said in pain. "A pinch hitter swinging at low ones."

Cantwell was at bat next.

"Let him stay up there!" the man from Jersey City shouted. "Let him win his own game." He turned to his public. "I would like to see old Ben smack one out and win the ball game," he said, "and go right over to Terry and spit in his face."

But old Ben didn't get a chance. Grimes put a man called Spencer in to bat for him and Spencer popped out.

In the next inning, the Brooklyn second baseman juggled a ball and another run scored. All hope fled from the dark Greek face. "Why is it," he asked, "that other teams don't do it?" He got up, preparing to leave. "A man on third and one out," he said, "and no score. They ought to shoot Grimes for that. No jury would convict. Ah," he said, moving down toward the exit gate, "I'm goin' to root for a winnin' team from now on. I've been rootin' for a losin' team long enough. I'm goin' to root for the Giants. You don't know," he said to the Brooklyn fan moving along with him, "the pleasure you get out of rootin' for a winnin' team."

And he went back to Jersey City, leaving his heart in Brooklyn.

—Irwin Shaw

•

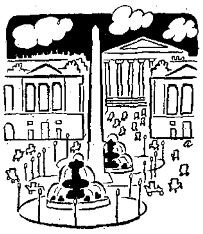
Brother Ramón Franco was the first member of the family to make world headlines. In 1926, wildly hailed as the "Spanish Lindbergh," he flew non-stop from Cadiz to Buenos Aires.—*Time, The Weekly Newsmagazine.*

And in 1927, when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, he was in turn wildly hailed as the "American Ramón Franco."

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 22

FRENCH films used to be films which the French never went to see. Celluloid has been changing lately. The movie that French fans are now queueing up for is the Ciné Marivaux's "Un Carnet de Bal," which is not only one of the major films the French have ever made but also one of the grandest films Hollywood never made. Previous to its première here, this movie won a prize at Venice's International Biennial Cinematographic Exhibition, at which, it must be admitted, everybody good got one first prize, and some of the bad got three, as consolation. However, "Un Carnet de Bal" alone walked off with the Coupe Mussolini, which, as the name implies, is the highest award Italy can give these days. Mechanically, the story is built on the same structure as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey;" i.e., it uses an object, once associated with a group of people, as a focus for pursuing the tangents of their various lives. This film's focus is the girlish, first-dance program of a rich, ripe widow who traces the scattered lives of eight young waltz partners who had once sworn to love her forever. Owing to the brilliant all-star cast, these partners turn out to be some of the greatest male actors of France—Louis Jouvet, in the superb rôle of a cynical night-club owner and thieves' mouthpiece; Harry Baur, as a musical monk; Raimu, as a Midi mayor about to marry his cook; Fernandel, as a barber with a passion for card tricks; and Blanchar, as a one-eyed abortionist on the waterfront of Marseilles. Two of the waltzers have already died, one leaving a crazed widow, played by Françoise Rosay in the truest, least truculent enactment of insanity the French screen has ever recorded. The sum of the plot sounds sinister, literary, and melodramatic. Because of the energetic, dry directing of Duvivier (who made "Poil de Carotte," which you may recall), this movie bulges merely with excitement, surprise, and adult, humane humor. "Un Carnet de Bal" will probably be shown in Philadelphia and New York exclusively. Provided you don't live west of the Rockies, it will be worth the trip to go see it.



A second surprisingly fine French film is "La Grande Illusion," starring Jean Gabin (who starred in "Pépé le Moko," which is a third French surprise for those who didn't see it in London, where it was last spring's foreign hit). With Gabin are coupled Pierre Fresnay and Erich von Stroheim in this curious, unified, and exalted film of three Frenchmen and their attempted escapes from German prison camps during the war. The great illusion of all these soldiers, Boche or poilu, is the brotherhood of man. "Pépé le Moko," now showing in its second season, and also directed by Duvivier, the A 1 French studio chief today, could have been modelled on any American gangster film—except that the gangster is a Frenchman whose underworld is the murderous hill streets of Algiers. This makes the ganging exotic. All of these important French films show a definite new, and perhaps unconscious, quality—a Gallic romanticism which has everything to do with intellectual modern man's emotional relation to all of life, and nothing to do with the single thing called love. Indeed, the often light, usually lunatic, mating theme of the more maudlin French movies seems in process of being inspissated, leaving, on its evaporation, some heavier sensitive reality. If the French studios can just patent this, they'll be one up even on the elaborate equipment of Hollywood. Already in the past year, with this list, French films have moved to the top of the European class.

MUCH is awaited in this new emotionalism in the Front Populaire's propaganda film, "La Marseillaise," a film about the French Revolution now in the making at Fontainebleau (though the Revolution was more at home at Versailles). This film is being directed by Jean Renoir and stars Pierre Renoir (both are sons of the famous Impressionist painter) as Louis XVI. It is being partially paid for by public political subscription, and is the first of its kind any government, in or out of power, has ever made here as a doctrinary demonstration. To add to the historical resuscitations of the moment, "L'Aiglon," in opera form, with music by Honegger and Ibert, has had its première here at the Opéra, featuring Fanny Heldy as the sad little Duc. This Napoleonic stunt was aimed to be, and is bound to become, popular, since the name Reichstadt even said, let alone sung, brings tears to a Frenchman's eyes.

Furthermore, the great-granddaughter of Louis XVII (provided he didn't die as a child in the Temple) has put in an appearance in the person of a young woman formerly known as Mlle. Cotillon, and well mixed up in the blackmailing gadgetries which were the funnier part of the tragical mechanics of the Stavisky Scandal. Mlle. Cotillon, who till recently ran a Montmartre grocery shop, has been formally recognized by Prince Charles-Louis de Bourbon-Naundorff as his natural child and has taken the title of Princess Elisabeth. Her Highness, who is pretty, has the Bourbon nose. Her title, though legally adjudicated last spring, only just came to light through her filing suit against a girl friend for stealing what must now be regarded as the royal jewels. History isn't often so good as to provide us commoners with such jolly new Bourbon scandals.

THE Semaine Artistique Allemande, an official Nazi propaganda week of six performances given at the Champs-Elysées by Berlin Staatsoper stars, was such a snobbish success as to burst open the winter season one month too soon. Few except snobs could afford to attend every night, with tickets at two hundred francs each. The consensus was that "La Walkyrie," despite the remarkable Klose as Fricka, was less of a treat than "Le Chevalier à la Rose," despite a poor Octave, and that "Tristan" was next as a splendid curiosity to Strauss's "Ariane à Naxos," which the composer was too ill to conduct, and which, because of its rarity, was the *clou*—exquisite, elegant, and starring Erna Berger, as the perfect soubrette of Europe, and Viorica Ursuleac, the Führer's favorite soprano. Considering that the program bluntly said these galas "should give a faithful idea of the life and cultural and social activities in the Reich of Adolf Hitler," it was curious to see in the audience so many people who, through race or political persuasion, must feel that Germany's idea has been very unfaithful to them indeed.

FRANCE is more worried about Wall Street's wabbling than she is fearful of war's breaking. And what she is afraid of most of all is prices, which have suddenly, terrifyingly risen. The new prices of bread and butter are the latest bombs here. —GENÊT

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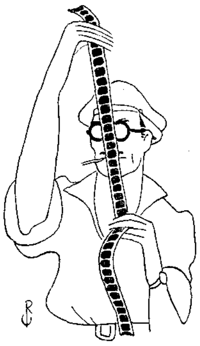
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Beautiful Reporter

A LONG time ago I decided that the day of films of newspaper life was dead and done for. Not that the Industry has agreed with me on this matter. Out they come by the bushel, week after week, with the inevitable bright girl who "scoops" the big story right from under the nose of the reporter of the rival sheet, a reporter she is not unlikely to wed at the last minute. "The Front Page" covered this milieu for us years ago so perfectly that it has never been matched since, and so perfectly, too, that it has been aped, and, I assume, will be aped for time everlasting. "Back in Circulation" is the latest version of city-room life, and it follows the tradition of electric speed. In it Joan Blondell presents her study of a feature reporter on a New York paper. Her love, in this case, is not a rival but her boss and editor, a comparatively passive rôle as it is enacted here by Pat O'Brien. In the midst of scoops and coos, a tentative, promising, and never realized good mystery plot is employed. It is employed, however, merely to exploit the manners and morals of the press. The result is rather as though the press devoted its pages to an account of the problems facing reporters sent to cover a murder, and in its absorption in this aspect forgot the crime itself. Joan Blondell as Miss Timmy Blake of the New York *Express* is a far more important figure than the widow who is accused of her husband's murder. One is unable to ignore Miss Timmy's force, the quick wits with which she gets through police lines, the substantial blows with which she is able to knock out importunate gentlemen, her hearty "hot diggities," and the remorselessness with which she pursues a clue. In the exhibition of a career so little touched with feminine delicacy, Miss Blondell does not entirely abandon feminine softness, and presents the assurance of a cubbish Mae West. At the very end she is even pleasantly light and winsome as she shows her editor a copy of his paper with great, screaming headlines which she herself has devised as a surprise for him, and which announce—to him and to the world—their engagement.



THIS very definitely off week in the opulent planet of films isn't helped at all by "Make a Wish." The little Breen boy (Bobby) sings Oscar Straus tunes, and if you are a Breen addict, you may like the bit. The poor child seemed to me a little sad throughout, and not even really in the prodigy class. Just what a child must do to be a "prodigy," I don't know, but I hope this one's guardians don't push him too much. A combination of life at a boys' camp and of theatrical problems composes the dim plot, and Basil Rathbone stalks through it with what courtesy he has been able to achieve for the situation. A Miss Marion Claire, an adult from radio circles, gives the soprano touch, Ralph Forbes is a villain, and Leon Errol and one or two others provide humor.

Another item, quite as minor as little Breen's vehicle, will amuse only people who have to see Jack Holt every chance they can get. "Outlaws of the Orient" shows us planes over the sands of the Gobi, an oil concession, Tartar or Mongol outlaws in big, bad, bold fur hats, and the lovely bookkeeper, neither Tartar nor Mongol, but just American, who introduces the note of pure love where one feels it must be often regrettably lacking. I confess, however, that a program note seems more enthusiastic than my own commentary; and indeed the rhetoric reminds me so richly of dear, magnificent, and, I had thought, dead days that I feel a few lines must be repeated. "Jack Holt," writes this appraising person of the film, "in one of those dynamic, red-blooded action dramas that has made him the idol of all thrill-loving fans. Flaming drama blazes from the Gobi desert's burning sands! Dynamite hurtling from the clouds . . . bullets blazing from the ground . . . hearts calling from across the seven seas . . . to win the untold oil riches buried in the wild wastelands! Thrills and excitement blaze with the fury of desperate men who would not admit defeat . . . and of women who would not be denied love's fulfillment!" Exuberant!

—JOHN MOSHER

•

The direct delivery by stores in New York to Connecticut residents violated this law, he added, the state loving a tax of $1.80 a case on all such purchases.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

Nonsense! It's all quite impersonal.

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POLO

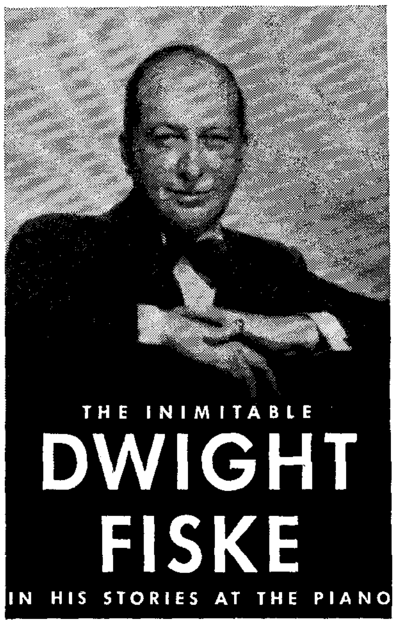
Whitney Afternoon

THE Open Championship usually can be depended upon to prove that nearly all prophets are false. This year everybody believed that Greentree and Old Westbury were so evenly matched the winner ought to be picked by the toss of a coin. Plenty of coins were tossed, too, for there was more partisan wagering than there has been on a game in years. Well, as you know, even if you weren't at Meadow Brook, Old Westbury won by five goals.

Although the final match of the tournament wasn't particularly good polo, it was exciting, with the sort of wild riding and bumping that delights the crowd but brings few whistles from the umpires. Cecil Smith's encounters with Tommy Hitchcock were reminiscent of the East-West matches at Chicago several years ago, and Sonny Whitney played no favorites. He rode off Pete Bostwick repeatedly, hooked up on several occasions with his cousin, Jock Whitney, and once, to the amazement of everyone, took the ball away from Hitchcock himself. I expect that Sonny Whitney, who is rated at four goals, will be moved up at least one peg.

The Greentree side seemed always a little too eager and unsettled. This, of course, was because Gerald Balding, its No. 2, had one of his very bad days, and put the whole team off stride. As a result, Pete Bostwick was out of position, and with Smith taking care of Hitchcock, Jock Whitney was harried more than usual. The score might have been larger, for Mike Phipps, who made five goals during the afternoon, carried the ball almost the length of the field three times in one period, only to miss an easy shot at the end of the run.

THE committee which arranged the draw for the Waterbury Cup Tournament wasn't very good at crystal-gazing. It figured that Aknusti, one of the weaker teams, would give San José just the right amount of practice to wind it up for the semifinal match with Old Westbury. Evidently, either the Argentine ponies or players hadn't recovered from their setback in the Open. Aknusti won by a goal, spoiling



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what would have been the most profitable game of the series, for almost nobody went out to Meadow Brook the following Sunday to see Old Westbury beat Aknusti by an absurd score.

FOR the first time in years, the National Polo Pony Society's show ended before dark. The entry wasn't as large as I've seen, for some of the more fancied animals were still jaded and sore from the hard matches in the Open and Waterbury Cup tournaments. Nevertheless, all the usual enthusiasts sat around the ring and watched the judging. Nobody, however, was brave enough to climb up on the old road coach that the Meadow Brook Club rolled out to serve as a special grandstand, or for atmosphere. I couldn't decide which.

American ponies almost made a clean sweep. The only Argentine to win was Winston Guest's Confite, who took the blue in the heavyweight class. Lots of people were disappointed that Sonny Whitney's Fuss Budget, who won in the lightweight class, didn't win the championship. That honor went to Averell Harriman's Never Tell. Fuss Budget, in case you don't remember, was one of Sonny Whitney's especially good mounts in the Open Tournament final. She's a nine-year-old mare by St. Germans, the sire of Twenty Grand. Fuss Budget raced for the Greentree Stable, but didn't run very well and was bought by the Preeces, who trained her for polo and sold her to Sonny Whitney. She's played high-goal polo for three seasons, and seems to improve each year.

WHITNEY AFTERNOON AT MEADOW BROOK: Louie Beard handling Old Westbury's ponies, and doing a good job, too.... Larry Waterbury coaching Sonny Whitney at half-time. ... Greentree's board of strategy going into a huddle.... Ambrose Clark, in a new gray bowler, bringing out the silver trophies.... A military plane almost clipping the tops of the trees behind the West Stand on its way to Mitchel Field. ... Elmer Boeseke walking stiff-legged along the sidelines.... Sonny Whitney's ponies done up in brown blankets taped with light blue—his racing colors. ... Stewart Iglehart wearing ten-cent-store work gloves for riding.

—BACKHANDER

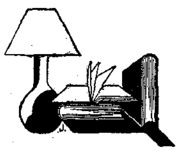
•

Miss Edith W—— and children, Priscilla, Virginia, and George, are vacationing at Wolfeboro, N.H.—*Boston Globe.*

Do try to get a good rest!

BOOKS

John Jay Chapman—A Novelette and a Novel



JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, who died only four years ago at the age of seventy-one, ought to have been a great American and somehow never quite made the grade. Fortunate in his ancestry, marvellously handsome, brilliant, witty, learned, inheriting the finest moral tradition of American Puritanism (Owen Wister called him "a belated Abolitionist"), he wrote many books without writing one memorable one, fought in many noble causes, and a few ignoble ones, without leaving a lasting impress on any of them, and gained the love and respect of many first-rate men without being of their stature. He was one of the best letter-writers of his day and certainly one of the most picturesque personalities ever produced by New York City.

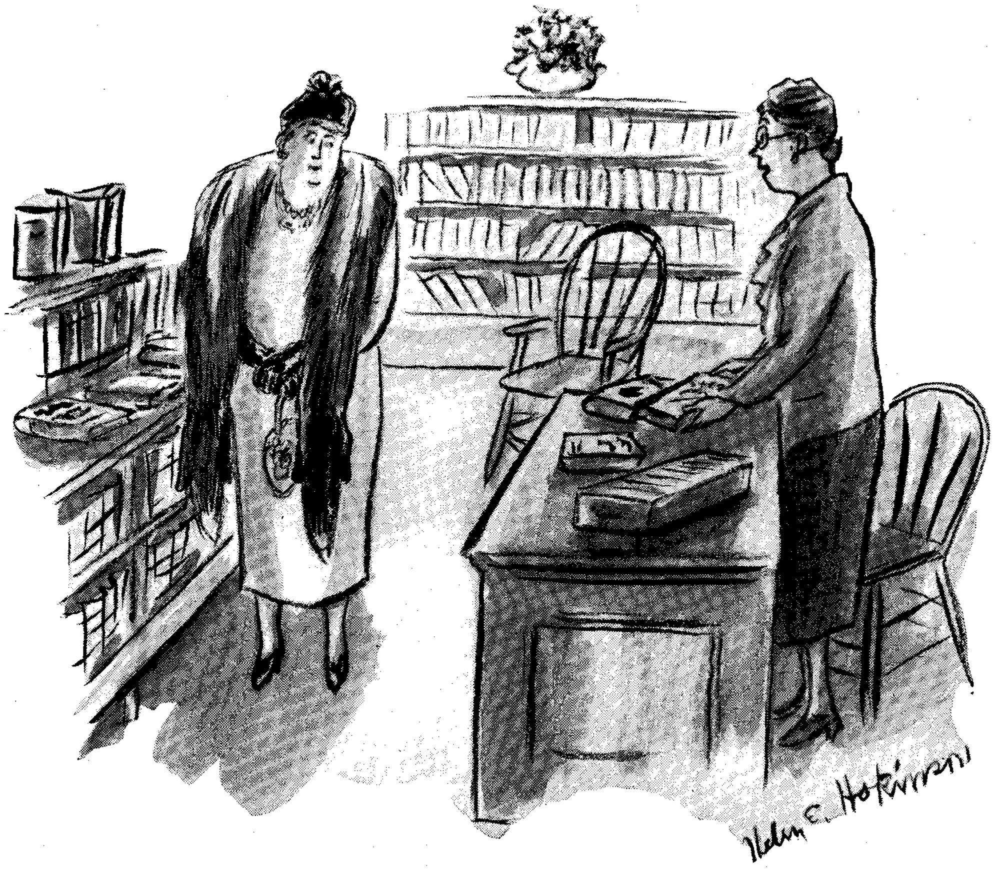
M. A. DeWolfe Howe, in "John Jay Chapman and His Letters," has collected and edited Chapman's voluminous correspondence and threaded it through a biography that is a model of sympathy and sobriety. Offering no theory as to Chapman's "failure," he supplies all the materials for a dozen such theories. Perhaps some future Van Wyck Brooks will come along and write "The Ordeal of John Jay Chapman." Inevitably he will stress the crucial episode in Chapman's life: as a young man, believing that he had thrashed unjustly a suitor of the girl he later married, Chapman thrust his hand into a fire and held it there, burning it so badly that it had to be amputated. (And that future biographer may wonder why it was the *left*, not the guilty *right* hand, that Chapman burnt.) He will wonder, too, whether financial security helped to make Chapman no more than a sensitive amateur in literature; whether the fact that he was liked and accepted by the inner circles of Boston and New York society did not dilute the strength of his attacks upon them; and whether, finally, he suffered from some mental unbalance that made him at once an original personality and an incoherent thinker.

However that may be, Chapman's letters and opinions remain a joy, a joy for which we must thank the conscientious energies of Mr. Howe. In one of his letters, Chapman, speaking of the sonnets of Michelangelo, says, "Here is a man that writes poetry which is as good as prose." Has not everyone of us at times felt secretly that way about poetry? "The essential lack in Wagner is after all a want of sanitary plumbing." Perfect. Of Josiah Royce, "The inroads of Harvard University upon his intelligence have been terrible." It would be hard to beat the nuclear truth in such a casual statement as "The problem of Great Britain's future is whether she can really care for anything but herself." Best of all I like "I swear I am hungry for something to read every time I lay down Stevenson." This is ideal literary criticism: it not merely destroys Stevenson but creates for you in a flash the "intense and vehement creature" who was John Jay Chapman.

WALLACE STEGNER'S "Remembering Laughter" has carried off $2,500 in a prize-novelette contest, having been selected, no doubt judiciously, from a field of 1,340 manuscripts. Like most such prize-winners, it is neither very bad nor very good: honest, painstaking, unoriginal work; unexceptionable—and unexceptional. The best one can say is that it recalls "Ethan Frome," and that Mr. Stegner suffers without being utterly destroyed by the comparison.

(A useful little job, by the way, might be performed by anyone who took the trouble to review the literary prize contests of the last fifteen years or so with intent to check up on just what has resulted from the new talent that responded to the call of publisher's checkbooks. Offhand, one thinks of such respectable but, as it turned out, not over-exciting discoveries as Mateel Howe Farnham, Martha Ostenso, and Mazo de la Roche, and wonders whether literary competitions as a general thing justify themselves on any other than commercial grounds—if, indeed, always on these.)

In Mr. Stegner's tight, glum little narrative the main character never appears. One sees his effects, however, very clearly; and from that point of view he may be said to be well drawn. His name is John Calvin. John Calvin was one of the greatest salesmen of all time, having succeeded in selling a large body of average consumers not a bill of goods but a bill of evils. A magnificent merchant of gloom, he persuaded people that most of them were



"It's really very encouraging. It tells you to stay just as you are."

THE NEW YORKER
LISTS A FEW RECENT
BOOKS BY ITS OWN
INDUSTRIOUS
CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books was first published in this magazine.)

Academic Procession, by James Reid Parker *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.00)*
Collection of stories about college professors and their wives. Politics on and off the campus.

Bed of Neuroses, by Wolcott Gibbs *(Dodd, Mead, $2.00)*
Stories, sketches, parodies, profile of a man called Luce. All-around pastiche, decorated by Rea Irvin.

The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n by Leonard Q. Ross *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.00)*
Dialect comedy about first-generation immigrant in Americanization class. Thinks opposite of "rich" is "skinny." So on.

Let Your Mind Alone! by James Thurber *(Harpers, $2.50)*
Thurber attack on mental uplift. Also many stories about this and that. Recklessly illustrated by the author himself.

Life with Mother, by Clarence Day *(Knopf, $2.00)*
More about the Day family, with emphasis this time on Mother. Companion book to "Life with Father."

The Mott Family in France, by Donald Moffat *(Little, Brown, $2.00)*
Troubles with French idiom, bureaucracy, manners, customs. Viewed with affection and bewilderment.

One More Manhattan, by Phyllis McGinley *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.00)*
Poems, light and medium-dark. Love, war, apples, etc., etc.

Strictly from Hunger, by S. J. Perelman *(Random House, $2.00)*
Twenty-one exercises in free association by an expert in it. Definitive preface by Robert Benchley.

NOW ON SALE

irretrievably damned and that all committers of moral missteps must at once proceed to manage their lives in such a manner as to produce the largest possible amount of misery for themselves. The story of "Remembering Laughter" neatly illustrates how this misery can be arranged by three people who have a genuine gift for misery-arranging.

Alec Stuart is an Iowa farmer who, until Calvin catches up with him, is hearty and laughter-loving. Married to a woman composed entirely of moral backbone, he weakens at last and coöperates carnally with his wife's younger sister, Elspeth. The sin once discovered, the three, by unspoken mutual arrangement, settle down to make the worst of things. They all live together, in a state of intense but ethical lugubriousness, for about twenty years. Then Alec dies; the son of his adultery—a pretty dismal youngster, too, naturally—departs from this hotbed of thin-lipped rectitude; and the two sisters, wordlessly forgiving each other, continue their so-to-speak lives in wholehearted anticipation of final hell-fire. According to your nature, you will share Mr. Stegner's pity for his three repressed characters or shake your head in irritation over their talent for self-torture.

Liam O'Flaherty's gloom is as real and impressive as Mr. Stegner's seems trivial. "Famine" represents his high-water mark so far. It deals with the terrible Irish famine of 1845, which resulted in the great emigration and, among other effects, shaped the pattern of American city politics. O'Flaherty describes not merely the famine itself but the social conditions that preceded it, the institution of absentee-landlordism, the stupidity, brutality, and venality of British rule, and the tragic conflicts among the Irish themselves. The texture is loose, the story rambles a bit, and occasionally one feels the horrors are piled on rather thickly, but the core of the book is powerful because deeply felt by the author. A minor feature—I suppose this is true of every Irish novel ever written—is the extreme loveliness of the language used by the peasants, whether they are praying, cursing, fighting, or just passing the time of day. I commend "Famine" to you, warning you at the same time that it is strong

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meat. They say Hollywood is bidding for it. How even John Ford could make a popular film of it is beyond me.
—Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Young Henry of Navarre, by Heinrich Mann, translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Nearly 600 pages, covering the twenty-six years from 1563, when Henry of Navarre was ten years old, to 1589, when he became Henry IV of France. Herr Mann has included war, assassination, plots, the extremes of poverty and luxury, filth, jewelled robes, assorted love affairs, the characters of Catherine de' Medici, Marguerite de Valois, Admiral Coligny, several kings of France (mostly feebleminded), and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Young Henry himself is clever, reckless, brave, a dashing lover, a compelling leader in battle, and equal to the unceasing intrigues of his times. All this, of course, is history; that the story is sometimes dull in the telling is probably the fault of Herr Mann. Miss Margaret Mitchell, a less serious and accomplished writer, might have told it more persuasively.

Monday Go to Meeting, by Kenneth Payson Kempton. Maine folks, doing nothing in particular except living their lives in the ordinary way. Not much plot, but a lot of Maine conversation and Down East stubbornness, as real as a hard-shell clam. Pleasant reading.

Down the Proud Stream, by Carl Fallas. A bucolic love story, told in words of one syllable or slightly more, the scene being the English countryside. The characters comprise a collection of English rustics, one city youth, and every known variety of farm animal, each making its appropriate noise. The simplicity, when it is not overdone, is rather fetching.

Felicita, by R. E. Spencer. The imaginary romance of an unhappy writer with a woman in a novel he is about to write. Slight, but handled with sincerity and charm.

The Red Pony, by John Steinbeck. A long short story about a little boy and a pony. Prettily tricked out in a limited, signed edition for Steinbeck collectors.

Lost Heritage, by Bruno Frank, translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks. Another novel of Hitler's Germany, well written, in-

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who introduced the welcome element of sex.

Mrs. Wright
who was incorporated.

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who went to Miss Gilder about the destitute physicists.

Mr. Palfrey
who put a finger in the pie.

Dr. Milbank
who astonished the Faculty Club.

Dr. Satterlee
who voted for Mr. Rabinowitz.

Mr. Bradley
who broke up the Colloquium.

Dr. Roper
who looked like the Statue of Liberty.

Dr. Bonham
who demanded gray for psychiatry.

The Dean of Students
who encountered the haughty Mr. Haugh.

Mr. Dillon
who objected to babies in bottles.

Dr. Sargent
who wondered what would happen next.

Dr. Humphrey
who hurled a Defi.

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evitably serious, inevitably moving. The hero is a likable German prince who is able to escape into exile in England. Dr. Frank has included the usual outrages against anybody whom the government happens to dislike, and he has associated them with his characters, so the whole thing reads like a novel instead of your daily newspaper.

THE SHORT STORIES OF JAMES T. FARRELL, with an introduction by Robert Morss Lovett. Contains all the stories published in "Calico Shoes," "Guillotine Party," and "Can All This Grandeur Perish?," together with a downright, no-nonsense, hitherto unpublished author's foreword dealing with the art of the short story.

POINT NOIR, by Clelie Benton Huggins. Overlong, sluggish novel about a queer family of Southern aristocrats cut off from the world on their Louisiana bayou plantation and decaying nicely in accord with the accepted tradition. As usual, the land is more real than the people. A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship prize novel.

BABIES WITHOUT TAILS, by Walter Duranty. Fifteen lively short stories of Soviet Russia. One of a series of paper-bound books which you may buy for twenty-five cents.

ALL'S FAIR, by Richard Wormser. Another paper-bound twenty-five-center, this is a story of labor troubles in a mining town, with—of all things in a labor novel—a happy ending. Not to be taken too seriously, but it has its entertaining moments.

ACADEMIC PROCESSION, by James Reid Parker. Mr. Parker investigates the professors, hoisting them, so to speak, with their own idiom. Most of the stories in this collection made their first appearance in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE ARTS, written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon. The most generous job Dr. van Loon has done for us. He actually covers, in his disarmingly casual but thoroughly informative manner, the development, from the Stone Age to the present, of all except the literary arts. The emphasis is laid on music and painting. The illustrations, many in wash, many in full color, are even better than those in the famous "Geography." This book is not designed for aestheticians. They won't like it, and Dr. van Loon doesn't like them.

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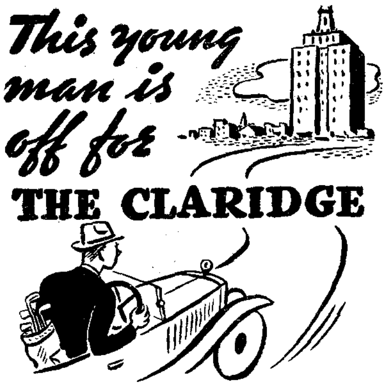
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President, by Marquis James. This second and final volume carries Old Hickory from the disputed election of 1824 to his death—the period during which Jackson really laid the concrete foundations of the American democratic tradition. Mr. James' work should remain unsurpassed for years. Illustrated.

Assignment in Utopia, by Eugene Lyons. An impressive, detailed autobiographical record. Mr. Lyons, a radical almost from birth, spent his six most formative years reporting Russia for the United Press. The headings of the main sections of his book suggest his story: "Prelude to Moscow," "Hallelujah!," "Doubt," "Disillusionment," "Rededication." He remains firmly committed to the Soviet revolution on its economic side, but is convinced that its moral structure has been undermined by its present rulers.

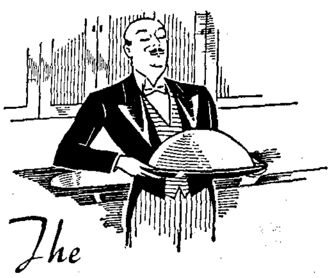
What Man Has Made of Man, by Mortimer J. Adler, with an introduction by Dr. Franz Alexander. A formal attack on what Dr. Adler, the author of "Art and Prudence," conceives to be the undue pretensions of modern psychology and, indeed, of science in general. The introduction is unique: Dr. Alexander disagrees with Dr. Adler in every particular, and says so.

This Must Be the Place: Memoirs of Jimmie the Barman (James Charters), as told to Morrill Cody, introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Jimmie Charters, during the great Pernod Era, saw all Montparnasse in its cups, and this is what he remembers. If you were there, it's your book. Mr. Hemingway's introduction is partly about Jimmie, whom he admires, and partly about *salonnières*, whom he doesn't admire. Illustrated.

The Colonial Period of American History: The Settlements, by Charles M. Andrews. This third volume (the first won the 1935 Pulitzer Prize) treats of the settlements of Jamaica, New Netherlands, the Jerseys, the Carolinas, and Pennsylvania.

Napoleon: A Doctor's Biography, by Boris Sokoloff, M. D. A well-known cancer researcher brings forward evidence to show that a weakening of the function of the pituitary gland was in part responsible for Napoleon's downfall. Other medical aspects of his life are also treated.

Time of Our Lives: The Story of My Father and Myself, by Or-



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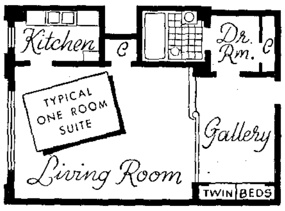

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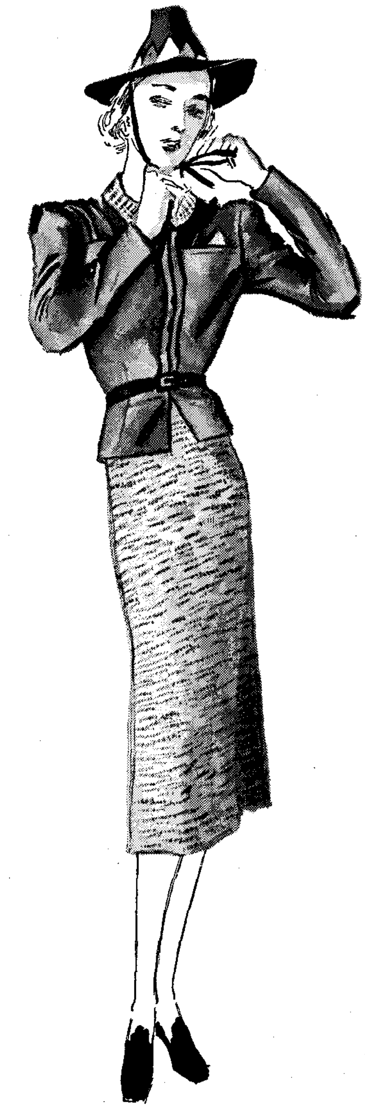

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rick Johns. Another literary-bohemian-to-literary-radical autobiography, together with a good deal of interesting stuff about American journalism of fifty years ago.

VERSE

SELECTED POEMS, by Allen Tate. Mr. Tate's choices from his former volumes show the advantages, not to say the virtues, of a point of view and continual enlightened poetic growth and revision.

SUCH COUNSELS YOU GAVE TO ME, AND OTHER POEMS, by Robinson Jeffers. Mr. Jeffers, in the title poem, explores what would seem to be the last possible incest combination. In other poems, he states that he is the single living man who is not a "prophet or believer." He is still good on hawks, eagles, mountains, and the Pacific.

MYSTERIES

DEATH AT THE INN, by R. Austin Freeman. Dr. Thorndyke, with his usual meticulous attention to the dust on the rug, mulls over the case of a murdered bachelor in a manner which will exasperate hasty readers past endurance, but bring a fine glow of contentment to those of the old school.

THE ACE OF KNAVES, by Leslie Charteris. Three novelettes about Simon Templar, the bouncing buccaneer. High point: the Saint, with rock attached to legs, dangles from narrow ledge. Low point: a touch of sadism, a quality which he has never shown before, creeps into our hero's nature. Sum total: satisfactory.

DEATH FOR DEAR CLARA, by Q. Patrick. A welter of candidates, all of them colorful, are lined up for the murder of a sweet-faced, degenerate literary agent. A good story and lots of bright chatter, with New York's literary and social lights behaving just as a college sophomore might expect them to.

THE MURDERERS OF MONTY, by Richard Hull. An elaborate practical joke rebounds in the faces of the London wags who thought it up. Not completely satisfactory, since the light touch does not seem to combine with a really difficult plot.

•

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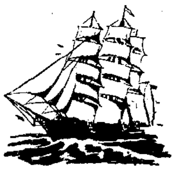

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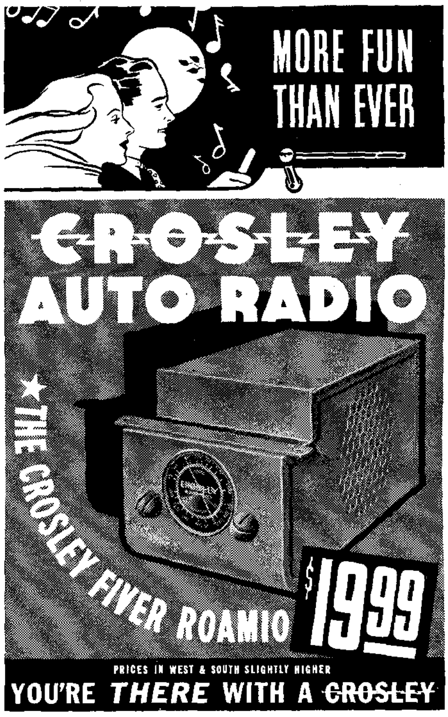

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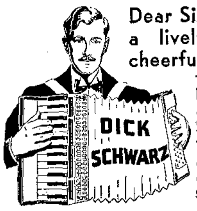

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Miss Peggy Stevenson

A CHARMING GOLFER FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND . . . WHO ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY NERVES

Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're *mild!*"

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PEGGY, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been fêted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a *lift!* And they are *gentle* on my throat." Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.

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